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29th JANUARY 1977

Maybin

# WOMAN'S WEEKLY

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FEATURE**

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AND KEEP**

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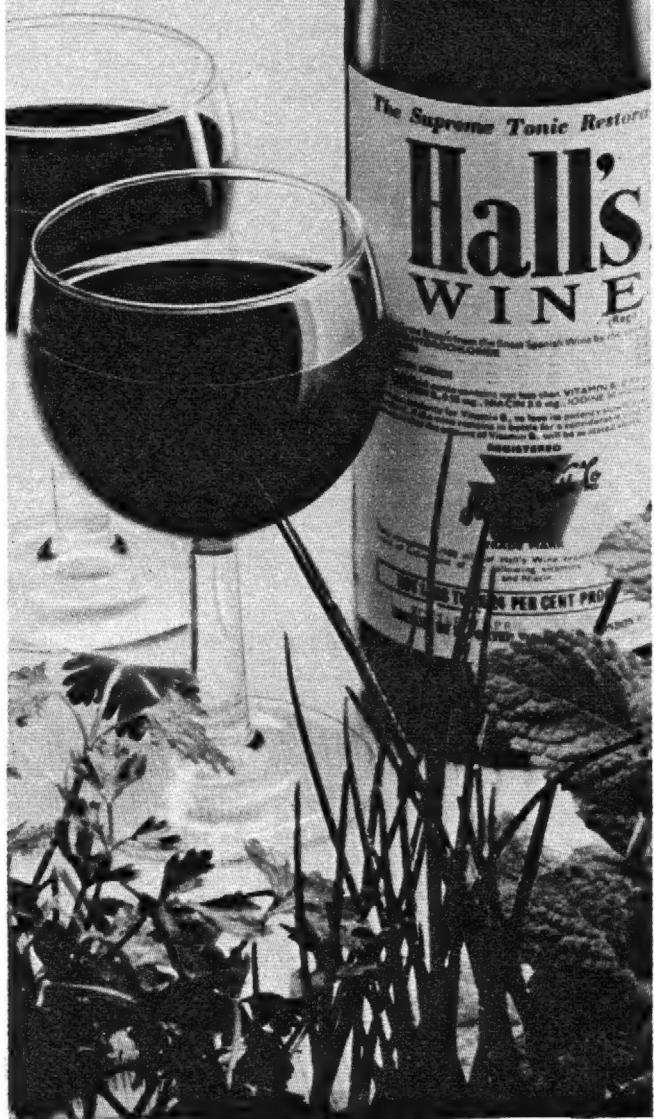
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# This is your week



BY MADAME FRANCESCA

### AQUARIUS

21st January to 19th February

A fairly important and eventful week, with the emphasis falling on the first few days. This should be a most fortunate period and ideal for pushing ahead with any long-term plans you may have.

### PISCES

20th February to 20th March

Some interesting news may come your way, but do not dwell too much on hopes that cannot be fulfilled immediately. Plan ahead by all means, but be amenable to the suggestions of someone offering help.

### ARIES

21st March to 20th April

You find it difficult to refuse a favour, even though you know the person involved is not very reliable. Although you may be over-generous this week, let common-sense guide you in this delicate situation.

### TAURUS

21st April to 21st May

Try to be more adaptable in personal matters and take more interest in what is going on around you. A tendency at the moment to mix with colleagues outside work could cause unnecessary complications.

### GEMINI

22nd May to 22nd June

Push ahead with your plans this week and adopt a vigorous approach to problems. Your security should become firmly established and you may have a chance to achieve a personal wish.

### CANCER

23rd June to 23rd July

Private or family arrangements might have to be changed, but you are quite capable of handling whatever surprise situation arises. Your best policy is to let an incident pass without making a fuss.

### LEO

24th July to 23rd August

You may have the incentive to press forward with certain ideas and your actions should be well rewarded. Don't be discouraged if you fail to arouse the interest of those who depend on you.

### VIRGO

24th August to 23rd September

You could make rapid progress if you are prepared to work hard. You should gain from your efforts and some of you may be offered more responsibility, which could lead to better future prospects.

### LIBRA

24th September to 23rd October

Planetary aspects point to it being a busy week; news should be good and surprise developments could place you in an enviable position. Make the most of every available opportunity.

### SCORPIO

24th October to 22nd November

Difficulties appear to exist in personal relationships. You may be kept fully occupied in other directions, but do try to find time to understand someone's needs and show extra consideration.

### SAGITTARIUS

23rd November to 22nd December

The spirit of adventure seems to take hold of you, and a desire for more variety is liable to make you restless. The present period, however, could prove stimulating and you should enjoy yourself.

### CAPRICORN

23rd December to 20th January

A splendid week generally, but beware of a new friendship that may bring disillusionment. Go to someone older for advice and guidance, if necessary. Socially, the weekend should be most pleasant.

Marguerite Patten  
demonstrates  
**Crisp'n Dry**



**'You can see Crisp'n Dry is a perfect way to fry, but why is it a better buy?'**

**'Spry Crisp'n Dry gives you perfect results'**

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Marguerite Patten is one of the best-known authorities on cookery and all aspects of home economics.

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**Spry Crisp'n Dry-A better buy because it's a better way to fry**



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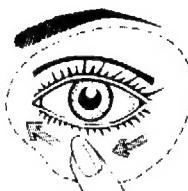
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# SizeWise

Caroline Hunt reserves this column every week for our larger-than-average readers

**THREE-WAY WINNER** from the McCall's pattern range not only gives a choice of three different garments to make, but also each pattern is marked with three different sizes. This means that if your figure does not conform to average proportions, you can change cutting lines where your size alters, at bust, waist or hip, even cut between the lines for an in-between figure, for a perfect fit every time. Clever design is for everybody's favourite button-through shirt-dress. It has a separate tie that can be used as a scarf at the neck, or as a sash at the waist, and can be made knee length, for daytime, floor length for evenings, or waist length for a useful blouse.

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# WOMAN'S WEEKLY

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*Left: The popular Jean Anderson who plays the mother of *The Brothers*.*

*Right: That well-known "family"—Patrick O'Connell, Robin Chadwick and Richard Easton.*

*Below: Robin Chadwick, youngest of the brothers, explains a point of filming to our writer.*





## OUT OF TOWN

*Irene Heath visits The Brothers—and their ladies—on location and finds out what a star's life is all about*

SITTING COMFORTABLY in front of your set, munching a chocolate bar and watching a favourite serial, the actors seem to be pretty lucky people who are doing something glamorous that comes easily, and being paid for it. Not until I got closer to the scene of action to watch a television sequence being made, did I begin to realise that even for the stars, it's not all honey.

In the background, while some of the cast of top B.B.C. award-winning serial *The Brothers* were being filmed in a new sequence, you had to be quiet and not get

in the way of the camera mounted on its trolley with rubber tyres for easy moving. The unit was working in the breezy, wind-swept buildings of Lydd Airport in Kent, partly disguised that day as the outer passage of a magistrate's court. Here were the well-known faces of brothers Brian and David Hammond, Edward and Jennifer and Jane Maxwell and others being put through their paces for the next instalment some way ahead.

Draughts inside were nothing to the cold outside, where those who had finished the day's work waited in a coach to be taken

in good time to the nearest point for the homeward trek. A hairdresser steps forward between "takes", of which there are usually two or three for every bit of action, and tidies any stray piece of hair on the head of Jennifer Wilson, whose name in the story is Jennifer, too.

"We do a different play each week," she told me, "in all sorts of different places, staying in different hotels. I get up at seven to learn my lines, and at home the 'phone is always ringing, but you get used to it!" In the story she is the director

*Continued overleaf*

# LYDD AIR



*Above:* Jennifer Wilson with screen husband, Patrick O'Connell and her real husband, Brian Peck. *Right:* Getting prepared for a shot and *below:* the floor manager helps to get things co-ordinated.



## OUT OF TOWN

CONTINUED

wife of eldest of the brothers, Edward, played by Patrick O'Connell.

Extras sit waiting for their short appearances and although it may look extremely simple to do what they are asked, "You'd be surprised how difficult it is just to get up and walk naturally," they say. Then you begin to see their point of view, as it is a slow and painstaking business. The same action and words are repeated over and over, under the director's critical eye and even before the camera is rolling, with the floor manager listening in as well as following the script. Through the glass doors khaki figures topped by pale blue berets run across the tarmac from a plane and disappear about some urgent business which has nothing to do with a television film.

Kate O'Mara, who in the story is the head of the flying section of the haulage company, is as beautiful in real life as she looks on the screen, with large green eyes. She and her son Dickon live in an old cottage at Barnes, partly converted and painted by themselves. To keep the image constant calls for strict control of life's



Above: Kate O'Mara and Robin Chadwick come in out of the cold for a break. Right: On and off screen partnership—Paul and April Merroney, played by Mr. and Mrs. Colin Baker. Below: Kate O'Mara and her son get a little house decoration in between location work.



enjoyments—no feasts and no lolling about, as you soon realise.

"I have to be absolutely fanatical," she says. "I've kept to seven stone for years, which calls for Spartan control. That's my way of life, partly because it's the way I've been brought up—whatever you found unpleasant was good for you! I deny myself things I like and I'm a vegetarian because I prefer not to eat meat. I put myself through gruelling dance practice and try to get in a session every day to keep in good working order, because I am a trained singer and dancer as well as an actress. Working on a film," she explains, "is a lot easier. You have a caravan to yourself; you have a chair with your own name on it, and a studio man picks you up in the morning and takes you home; it really spoils you. Today I've done some work early on and there'll be more this afternoon, and we may have to shoot what we did yesterday again. We were out on the tarmac and it was pouring with rain. You can see why I brought my sheepskin with me, I know a bit about this place! I've been so numb my lips wouldn't meet to speak." No complaining, just the plain truth on a cold morning from a hard-working lady I liked enormously.

#### THE IMPORTANT INGREDIENT

As Patrick O'Connell said, when free to change from the dark top-coat of Edward into his own much more jaunty blue jeans and cap, "People usually think you earn

a lot of money but the fact is that 75 per cent of actors are out of work and you must work to keep your hand in. You mustn't stop because self-confidence is very important and if you're out of work for a time you begin to think nobody wants you. Best of all is to be doing two jobs at once, to keep limbered up." The little group round Director Chris Baker would go on filming while daylight lasted. As Patrick O'Connell had said, actors sometimes complain, and everyone gets bored sometimes, but then as we left and saw the people in the coach which was the least draughty place, waiting for the lift home or a last call to the camera for the job which in spite of difficulties and drawbacks they are proud to do, I thought of Kate O'Mara's final remark to me: "The right to work is a luxury."



A boardroom scene in *The Brothers*.

## FURTHER CHAPTERS OF IRIS BROMIGE'S GENTLY CAPTIVATING NOVEL

If she had not realised the full extent of her feelings before, she now faced the truth . . . she loved Simon Rannock deeply, irretrievably and hopelessly

# A Distant Song

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL DAVIES

### HOW THE STORY BEGAN

At twenty-five SARAH RUSHDEN felt at a crossroads, undecided which way to take. She knew she'd gladly keep to the same road if NICHOLAS BARBURY, a successful biographer, reciprocated her affection. But when she told him of her plans to throw up her job as a publisher's editor and go to Rylands, an isolated Sussex cottage inherited from her grandfather, and write, he quite dispassionately encouraged her, and Sarah realised that way was closed to her. At Rylands, her only real home until she was nine, Sarah, who'd already written one book, discovered that her grandfather, MARTIN RUSHDEN, had kept a journal for most of his life; it provided her with material for a children's story set in Edwardian times. She also followed up Nick's suggestion to persuade PAUL RANNOCK, owner of nearby Marlyn Manor and father of her childhood friends—SIMON, ALISON, BRIAN, KATIE—to write about his world travels. The old man, wanting to make financial amends for squandering his fortune on exploration, was happy to agree. At first his eldest son, Simon, an architect in Dilford, had qualms. He believed his father would over-tax his strength if he relived experiences which had wrecked his health. But instead of having adverse effects, the work seemed to brighten the old man, and Sarah was invited to the Rannocks' Christmas reunion. Memories crowded back as her childhood friends arrived—Alison, with her husband, DON MARSHFIELD, and five-year-old daughter, DEBBIE; Brian, sleekly expansive; Katie, an actress, as beautiful as ever, who burst in with four strangers, including her leading man, MAX RAIGARTH, and ANNA PIRANO, Simon's ex-girlfriend bent on picking up the threads again with Simon. Her arranged marriage with an Italian count had shattered their three-year romance, but now Anna was a widow with a fine estate in Italy. Later, Sarah, realising how deeply she was now involved with Simon, tried to gauge his feelings for Anna. But he gave nothing away. On New Year's Day, two visitors arrived unexpectedly at Rylands—Nick Barbury, enquiring after her book, and Simon. Introductions made, she wondered what the eldest Rannock thought of the fair-haired aesthete. After Simon had gone, Nick and Sarah, easy in each other's company, talked shop late into the evening. The weeks slipped by and one day, out of the blue, Paul Rannock expressed his hope that Sarah and Simon would marry. An old man's foolish dream . . . Sarah's heart ached for him and for herself, for she was finding loneliness where a short time ago she had sensed the promise of fulfilment.

*The story now continues*

**I**T WAS not until a mild, sunny Saturday at the end of February that Sarah saw Simon again. She was planting a Japanese cherry tree in sight of the kitchen window when he strolled round the side of the cottage, and her heart leapt at the sight of him.

"Hello, stranger. I've missed you," she said, pausing in her efforts to drive in a stake.

His eyes lingered on her. In navy slacks and an old red sweater, muddy shoes, hair blown in the wind, mallet in hand, she hardly compared with the glamorous Anna, she thought. Suitably turned out for the kid sister role, though. Simon was looking well-tailored in a grey tweed suit. He usually dressed more casually at the weekend. Both his smile and his words, however, warmed her.



**Simon lingered for a moment, studying the sky, and she was filled with a sudden ache for him that left her shaken.**

"I wonder what it is about you, Sarah, that is so refreshing. Here—let me," he added, taking the mallet from her.

She smiled to herself as she watched him drive the stake home. Dear, managing Simon.

"If you'll hold the tree upright, I'll do the planting," she said firmly. "You're looking much too smart to do any grubbing about."

"I've come straight from seeing a client this morning. I went over a site with him, and then had lunch. What tree is this?"

"A flowering cherry tree, by name Oku Miyako; it has pink buds and beautiful double white flowers, and will gladden my eyes while I'm washing the dishes. And if I'm so refreshing, you don't seem to have been in need of refreshment lately!" she added teasingly.

"There are reasons."

**S**ARAH spread the roots of the tree carefully, then shovelled compost out of the barrow into the prepared hole, firming it down as she went. When she had completed the task to her satisfaction, Simon fastened ties round the tree to the stake.

"There's something very satisfying about planting a tree," said Sarah, standing back and surveying Oku Miyako with pleasure, already clothing it in her mind's eye with a mass of white blossom against a sunny blue sky.

"I agree."

"When I'm an old lady, I shall look at that tree, and give thanks."

"You envisage still being here then?"

"My roots are already deep down."

"On your own?"

"Who knows? I expect so. Scribbling my books, grubbing in the garden," she said lightly.

"You sound quite happy at the prospect. Has marriage no appeal?"

"I need notice of that question. Am I to have the pleasure of your company this afternoon, or have you merely looked in?"

He looked at her with a quizzical expression. "I've a faint feeling of being in the dog-house. Why? Because I've neglected you?"

"Of course not. I know you're a busy person with other interests. I have no claim on your time," she said briskly, collecting her tools and putting them in the wheelbarrow.

"Then I'm in the way. Spoiling your gardening programme."

"Don't be silly."

"Or perhaps you're expecting someone, and I shall be one too many."

"Well, you know what a busy social life I lead here in this heavily populated area. And, of course, you can see that I'm dressed for the occasion."

He grinned and ruffled her hair. "Touche. I wasn't being as fatuous as I sounded, though. After my visit a few weeks ago . . ."

"Eight weeks ago."

"As long as that?"

Their eyes met, each seeking an answer to unspoken questions. Then Sarah said gently, "I'll put these things away and clean up, then we'll have tea by the fire. It's getting chilly now that the sun's going down."

It was not until his final cup of tea that Simon reverted to the subject that was in both their thoughts.

"I haven't been round before, Sarah, because as well as having a civic centre  
*Continued overleaf*

## A DISTANT SONG

Continued

job on my plate, which has taken me to Hampshire most Saturdays, I thought you were involved with Nick Barbury. I didn't want to barge in when not wanted. I'm right in supposing him to be the man in your life you once told me about?"

"Yes. But it seems to me that you were reading a lot into a chance visit from Nick."

"You looked so happy that evening."

"Because he'd read and praised my book, and I knew that his praise was never easily given and was worth having. My writing means a lot to me."

"I see."

Something in his expression made her plunge into further explanations. "It was quite by chance that he looked in. He was on his way back after a New Year celebration with the Helmsdales."

"Looked in? When I drove back to Dilford that night, his car was still here. It was late."

"And you thought . . . ?"

"That he'd gone beyond the point of being just a friend, and I'd better check up in future before casually dropping in. Silas Helmsdale speaks very highly of Nick, so I'll be happy if it's turning out as you wish, Sarah."

"What did you think of Nick?" she asked, thinking that few things were more discouraging than hearing the man you loved express pleasure at the thought of your pairing off with another.

"Intelligent, witty and excellent company. I wasn't sure that he might not be amusing himself with you, though, which was why I put out a few feelers in Silas's direction, and was totally reassured."

Sarah nearly choked over her tea at this brotherly concern, and her voice held a note of gentle irony not lost on him as she said, "I'm sorry you don't trust my judgment."

"Your judgment is usually very good indeed, but in my experience, falling in love can act like dynamite on otherwise sound judgment."

"It's good of you to be so concerned," she said, feeling as though she was biting a very sour apple.

"Of course I'm concerned. I'm very fond of you. So is my father. I don't need to tell you, with your attachment to the Rannocks, that you're like one of the family."

"And so you feel responsible, as you always did?"

"I can't help it. The pattern was established in our childhood."

"Ah, but I'm not any longer a child. I'd hate you to get the picture wrong, Simon. Nick feels a detached friendship for me, as he always has done. My feelings have changed, though. Or perhaps not so much changed as been seen for what they really are. I was half in love with Nick, but it was a very tenuous state. How could it be otherwise when he revealed so little of his inner self? That small candle went out for lack of oxygen. Once I'd come to grips with reality here at Rylands, it seemed like a pleasant little dream. I'm fond of Nick, he's helped me a lot in the past with my writing, and I enjoy talking literary shop with him. That's all. I'm happy with things as they are. Have I made myself clear?"

"Crystal clear. I jumped to the wrong conclusion. But you'll admit that there were reasonable grounds for my mistake, in view of what you'd told me earlier."

"Yes. I'll keep you posted if there are any other contestants, just to see if you give them a pass certificate."

**H**IS EYES crinkled up in the way that always melted her as he laughed.

"Rebuke accepted. But nothing but the best is good enough for my girl, and however it riles you, I shall continue to be concerned. Which brings me to the other thing I wanted to talk to you about. I thought my father was looking more played out than usual last weekend. How has he been this week?"

"About the same as usual. He is reluctant to start the next chapter of his memoirs, though. He spent most of the week on another lovely drawing for my book. Ask him to show it to you. He's putting the finishing touches to it this weekend. I can't help wishing sometimes he'd chosen to be an artist rather than an explorer. He has such talent."

"If he'd chosen to be an artist, our lives would have been very different, that's for sure. How much of his memoirs remains to be written?"

"We're about two-thirds of the way."

"Try to persuade him to cut it short," Simon said abruptly.

"What's worrying you?"

"I'd sooner he didn't include his last expedition. It ended disastrously—he was nearly killed—and although it would make dramatic reading, to recall those experiences would put an appalling strain on him."

"You can dissuade him better than I."

"He's difficult, and stubborn; reluctant to admit to what he sees as a weakness. He knows my fears, so I suspect that with me he covers up. I can only rely on you to let me know if you think he is not too well."

"Don't you think it's time you told me more, so that I know more specifically what I'm looking for? After all, you've said that I'm as good as one of the family, and you know that what you tell me in confidence will go no further."

"It's not a very pleasant story, but perhaps I should give you a few of the facts. I told you that on his last expedition to South America he fell into the hands of a remote, hostile tribe. I'm not going into any details, but he was tortured and terrible things were done to him. He was left for dead, but was picked up by some friendly tribesmen, and eventually, by some miracle of endurance, got himself home.

"Once back, he collapsed and was ill for some time. But the shock was worse to his mind than his body. He had terrible nightmares, waking up sweating and screaming. I had to live at Marilyn Manor during those early months. One night, when I went to him, he didn't know me and attacked me. For all his age, and all that he'd suffered he was still a strong man and I was hard pressed until he suddenly realised who I was and collapsed, weeping.

"It had been touch and go whether I could keep him at home, but he hated hospitals or institutions of any kind, and it seemed to me that he had a better chance of recovery in his own surroundings. After that alarming experience, though, he began to improve. He's not looked back, mentally I mean, and since you've come he's been happier and more at peace than at any time since his return.

*Continued on page 15*



Always a favourite—Custard Tart.

# JUST DESSERTS!

Few of us have time to make elaborate desserts, especially during the week, so Janet Warren's quick-to-put-together puddings are sure to be winners!

## CUSTARD TART

Serves 6

The pastry for this tart is very quick and easy to make and depends more on the accurate measuring of ingredients than a light touch

### For the Pastry

3 fl. oz. corn oil (4½ tablespoons)

2 fl. oz. cold water (3 tablespoons)

6 oz. plain flour

½ level teaspoon salt

### For the Filling

3 large eggs

½ pint milk

2 oz. granulated sugar

A little grated nutmeg

An 8 inch fluted flan ring

Make the pastry and use it as quickly as possible, as it is better not to store it.

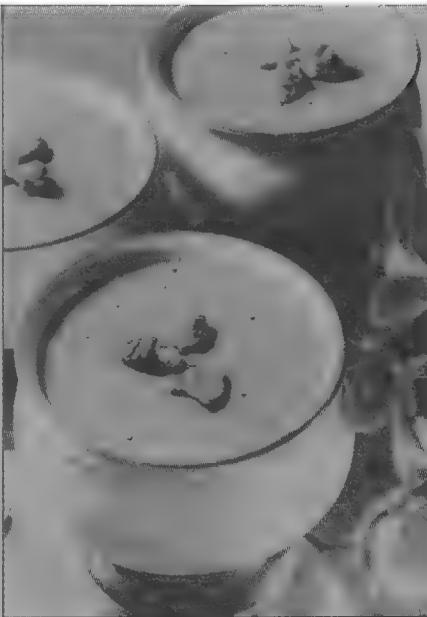
Put the corn oil and water into a mixing bowl and, using a fork, beat them lightly so that they combine. Sieve the flour and salt into the bowl and, still using the fork, mix the ingredients together to form a dough. Turn it on to a lightly floured surface and knead it lightly, then roll the pastry into a 10-inch circle. Place the flan ring on to a lightly greased baking tray. Lift the pastry into the centre of the ring and press it into the base and up the sides. Run the rolling pin over the surface of the ring in both directions to remove the excess dough. Prick the base of the flan lightly with a fork.

Beat the eggs and sugar together and, when they are well mixed, gradually beat in the milk. Pour it carefully into the flan ring and sprinkle a little nutmeg on top.

Bake the flan on the centre shelf of a moderately hot oven, gas mark 5 or 375°F/190°C, for 55 minutes or until the pastry is cooked and the custard just set. Lift off the ring and serve the tart warm.

*More recipes overleaf*





Children will enjoy Blackcurrant Cups.



A biscuit base topped with a gooseberry pie filling mixture makes delectable Lime Tree Pie.

# JUST DESSERTS!

*Continued*

## BLACKCURRANT CUPS

Serves 4

16½ oz. can creamed rice

½ pint boiling water

2 level tablespoons blackcurrant jam

½ blackcurrant jelly

A few crystallized violets

4 individual serving dishes

Break the jelly into pieces and dissolve it in the hot water. When the jelly has completely melted, stir in the jam, then mix in the creamed rice.

Divide the pudding between the individual dishes and leave them in a cool place to set.

Decorate with crystallized violets.

## LIME TREE PIE

Serves 4 to 6

### For the Base

7 oz. shortbread biscuits

2 oz. butter

### For the Filling

14 oz. can gooseberry pie filling

1 level tablespoon lemon juice

1 large egg

5 fl. oz. carton soured cream

½ oz. flaked almonds

A 7 inch round tin with a loose base

Put the biscuits into a polythene bag and, using a rolling pin, crush them to fine crumbs. Melt the butter in a pan over a low heat, then remove it from the heat and stir in the crumbs. Turn this mixture into the tin and press it over the base and slightly up the sides.

## BAKER'S PUDDING

Serves 6 to 8

4 slices white bread

1 pint milk

1 oz. butter

3 large eggs, separated

4 tablespoons undiluted orange squash

2 oz. cleaned sultanas

½ level teaspoon cinnamon

2 oz. granulated sugar

A sprinkling of icing sugar

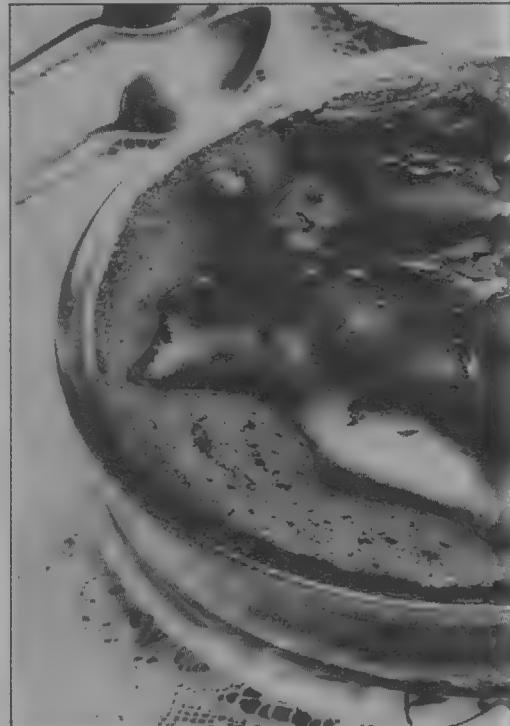
A 2 pint ovenproof dish, lightly greased

Leave the crusts on the bread and cut the slices into small squares, then put them into a bowl. Heat the milk and butter together and, when the butter has melted, pour the liquid over the bread and leave the ingredients on one side for 10 minutes for the bread to soften.

When the bread is ready, beat in the egg yolks with the orange squash and granulated sugar, then stir in the sultanas and cinnamon.

Whisk the egg whites until they are stiff and stand in straight peaks and, using a metal spoon, fold them into the mixture lightly and quickly. Turn the pudding into the dish and ease it to the sides. Stand the dish in a roasting tin of hot water, so that the water comes halfway up the sides of the dish. Bake the pudding on the centre shelf of a moderate oven, gas mark 4 or 350°F/180°C, for about 1 hour or until it is well risen and the surface is golden brown.

Remove the Baker's Pudding from the oven, sprinkle a little sifted icing sugar over the surface and serve it immediately or it will start to sink.



Chocolate Puddle Pudding is cooked with a tempting

## CHOCOLATE PUDDLE PUDDING

Serves 4 to 5

4 oz. soft margarine

4 oz. caster sugar

3 oz. self-raising flour

1 oz. cocoa powder

2 large eggs

### For the Sauce

2 oz. light soft brown sugar

2 level tablespoons cocoa powder

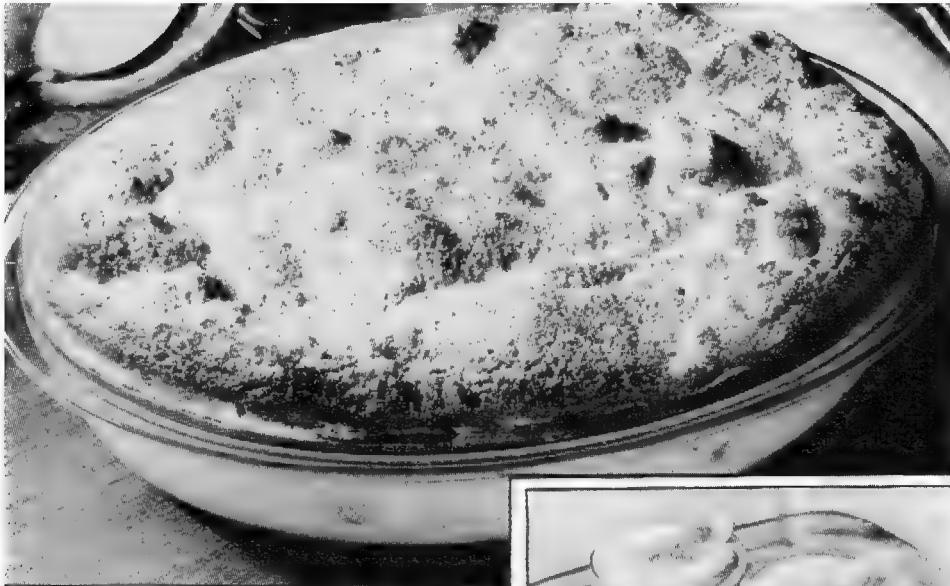
½ pint water

3 level teaspoons arrowroot

A 1½ pint ovenproof dish

Brush the dish with a little melted fat.

Put the margarine, caster sugar and eggs into a mixing bowl. Sift in the flour and



**Excitingly different—Baker's Pudding.**



**chocolate sauce on top.**

1 oz. cocoa and, using a wooden spoon, mix the ingredients together until they have combined, then beat the mixture for 1 minute to incorporate some air. Turn the chocolate sponge mixture into the ovenproof dish and spread it to the sides, leaving the surface rough.

Put the brown sugar into a pan and stir in the cocoa, arrowroot and then the water to make a smooth sauce. Put the pan over the heat and, stirring all the time, bring the sauce to the boil, then simmer it for 2 minutes so that it thickens. Pour the sauce on-top of the sponge mixture—it will form pools over the surface—then cook the pudding on the centre shelf of a moderate oven, gas mark 4 or 350°F/180°C, for about 50 minutes or until the sponge is well risen.

Serve the pudding immediately; you should have a delicious moist sponge mixture with the chocolate sauce still in pools over the surface.



**Hasty Banana Puddings with a hint of spice.**

#### **HASTY BANANA PUDDINGS**

**Serves 4**

**1 large banana**

**1 large egg**

**4 level tablespoons plain flour**

**1 pint milk**

**1½ oz. butter**

**A pinch of mixed spice**

**2 oz. light soft brown sugar**

**A little lemon juice**

**A sprinkling of demerara sugar**

**4 individual sundae glasses**

Beat the egg well, then gradually beat in the flour and mixed spice to make a thick smooth paste. Stir in a little of the cold milk to form a thin cream. Heat the rest of the milk to blood heat—that is when it feels neither hot nor cold to the touch. Pour this warmed milk into the egg mixture, stirring all the time and, when it is smooth, return it to the pan and, again stirring all the time, bring the sauce to the boil. Stir in the 2 oz. sugar and butter, cut into small pieces, and cook the sauce for 1 to 2 minutes so that it thickens and the butter melts.

Peel and slice the banana, toss 4 of the slices in lemon juice and keep them on one side for decoration. Divide the rest of the banana slices between the dishes and pour over the sauce. Leave the pudding to cool slightly, then sprinkle the demerara sugar over the surface and put a slice of banana on each one. Serve immediately.

#### **A DISTANT SONG**

*Continued from page 12*

For that, I'm deeply grateful to you, Sarah dear. I don't think he'll have a relapse, but you can see why I would rather those experiences were not revived. There's no good reason why they should be, and plenty of reasons for leaving them buried."

"Thank you for telling me. I'll know what to look out for now."

"He's amazingly tough. The doctor thought he'd never survive that heart attack a year or so ago, but he came through. His state is precarious, though, so don't ever hesitate to phone me at the flat or office if you're worried in any way. Mrs. Pilsen isn't all that I could wish as a housekeeper. That's why I'm so relieved to have you on the spot."

"In spite of trying to dissuade me at first, remember?"

"Very short-sighted of me. But I didn't know the old man would take you to his heart, and I feared the strain of writing this book." He sank back into his armchair, his lean face showing signs of fatigue.

He had a lot on his mind, she realised. His work, his father, his involvement with Anna Pirano, and, to her annoyance, a brotherly concern about her affairs. And if he took it upon himself to keep an eye on her, he divulged nothing of his own feelings for Anna. She would have liked to ask some questions for a change, but could think of no tactful way of broaching the subject.

Later, she walked out to the car with him. It was nearly dark, with a dull red stain low down in the western sky. Blackbirds were making their last defiant calls before going to roost. The cluster of snowdrops by the gate gleamed palely against some ivy leaves. Simon lingered for a moment, studying the sky, and she was filled with a sudden aching for him that left her shaken. She wanted to keep him with her, to feel his arms round her, to bask in the warmth of his presence. But in a few moments she was watching the car disappear down the lane, and then all was silence around her.

In front of the fire, with Piper the cat on her lap for comfort, she reflected that she had learned nothing of his involvement with Anna, but it had been made absolutely plain that his involvement with her was of a brotherly nature only. She would have to be content with his friendship, which was warm and staunch enough, and which she valued, but her own feelings went far beyond that. If she had not realised their full extent before, she now faced the truth that she loved Simon Rannock, deeply and irretrievably, and hopelessly as far as its fulfilment was concerned.

Protective and affectionate, he would be. And exasperating and teasing, too. But he would always see her as the childhood friend of the family, and keep an eye on her as he might keep an eye on Katie. The vital element was lacking, and she was too realistic to hope that it would ever be any different.

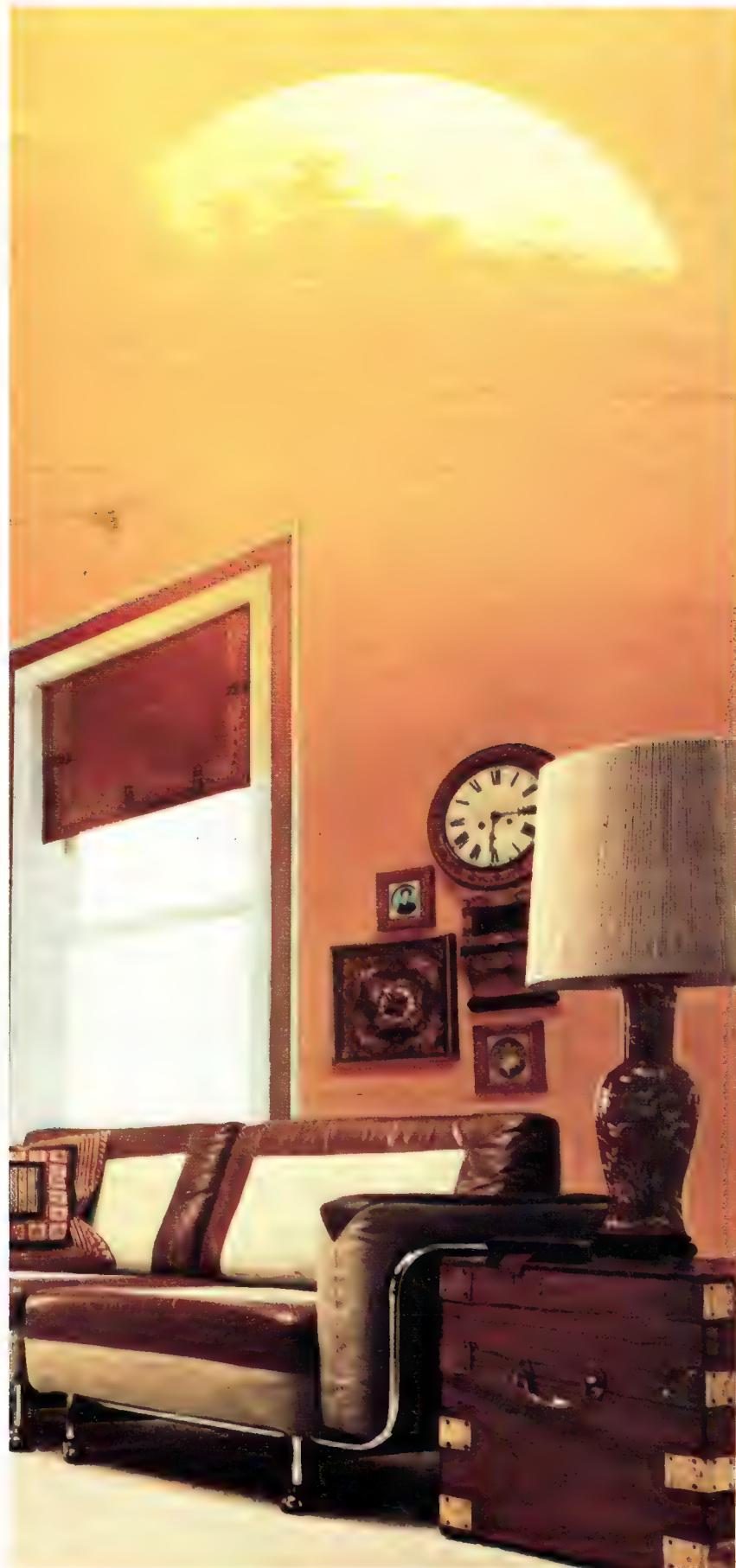
**I**n the first week of March, as though to spite the signs of spring in gardens and hedgerows, the weather veered from the mild pattern of the winter months, the wind blew from the north, the temperature plunged and the snow came. Four inches fell in two days, settling on the branches,

*Continued on page 51*

# Warmth comes in special



# shades and colours. So does Dulux.



Dulux makes a range of colours that warm up a house.

With a paint brush or roller, you can transform a cold, stark room into one that's pleasant and cosy.

You can even transform a whole house.

ICI technology makes it possible for you to have the shades and colours of warmth in soft, beautiful Vinyl Matt, shimmering Vinyl Silk, tough Gloss Finish, and uniquely silky Silthane Silk.

You can have them in Matchmaker or the standard range of colours.

Look for warmth in the Dulux colour range... you'll know it when you feel it.

Dulux transforms everything it touches.



Patricia Condon's delightful short story

# "THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE"

No good would come of her sentimental  
journey to the old thatched  
cottage, yet here she was bumping  
along the winding, hedge-flanked  
lane towards it . . .

**T**HIS ONE sounds nice." Kerry licked the end of her pencil and drew a thick black square round the advertisement. "I'll read it out to you, shall I? It's one of those funny little verses by those estate agents in Surrey."

"Oh, no!" Miles rearranged his long, recumbent form in an even more comfortable position. "Not Whimsical Wilberforce again!"

"I like them. And you must admit they make a nice change from the usual dull descriptions. Listen. *'Period cottage, roof of thatch; Old oak beams and floors to match. Latticed windows, super view; (Thirty minutes Waterloo) A period cottage, Miles!'*"

"Huh. Complete with period plumbing, I daresay." Loosening his tie, he sighed contentedly. "My dear child, you are so gullible."

"And you, my dear grandpa, are so cynical." Kneeling beside the divan, Kerry ruthlessly prodded her fiance's midriff with the blunt end of her pencil. "You aren't going to sleep, are you?"

"It would appear not." Miles sighed again, less contentedly, and opened one eye. "Do I sense a suggestion in the offing?"

"You do. Darling," she said, changing to a coaxing note, "let's drive over there."

"What?" Miles's other eye opened. "On a Saturday afternoon? You're joking!"

"Why?"

"Well—the agents will be closed for one thing, so the key won't be available."

"Aha!" Kerry wagged a triumphant finger. "You underestimate Messrs. Rodney

Wilberforce and Son. They're open all day and every day—except on Sundays."

"Great. Sundays, I suppose, they devote to writing their corny little poems." Popping himself on one elbow, he frowned at her. "What are you looking like that for?"

"Like what?"

"All big eyes and quivering chin. You are not about to cry, are you?" he asked.

"Certainly not."

"Good. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a lachrymose female. Did I tell you about my new secretary? I only have to point out a spelling mistake, and she dissolves into floods of tears. Quite incredible."

"So are you."

"M'm?" He clasped his hands behind his head. "So am I what?"

"Incredible. The way you manage to change the subject."

"Oh? Did I do that?"

"Actually, no. But it was a very good try." Sitting back on her heels, she gazed meditatively at his flawless profile. "Miles, you do want to marry me, don't you?"

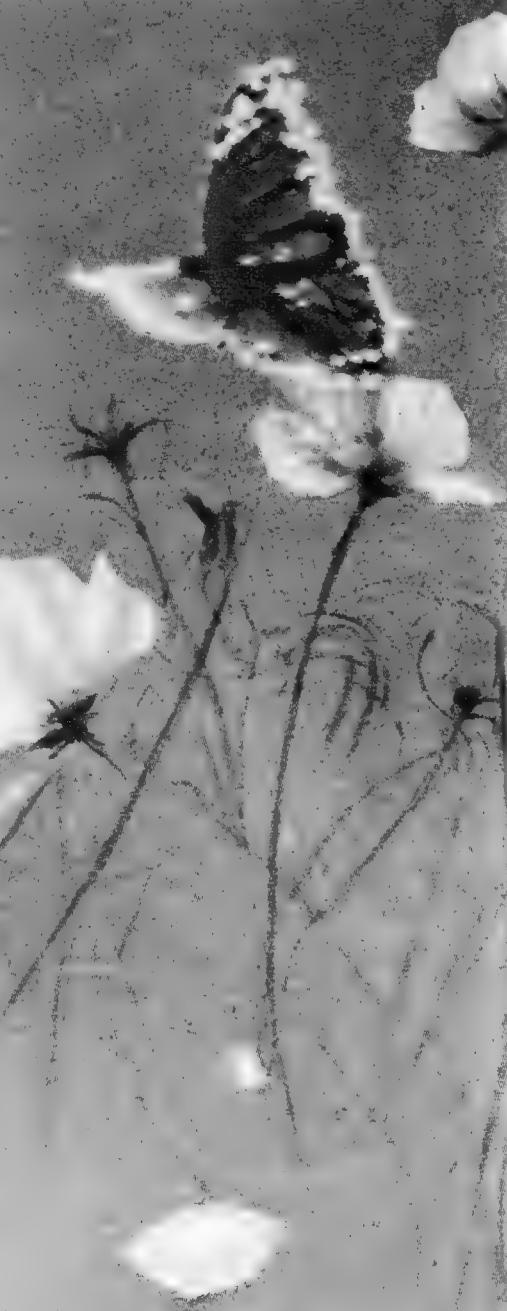
"Don't ask silly questions, pet." He settled himself more deeply into the cushions.

"And you do want me to cook your lunch tomorrow, don't you?"

"What?" Looking suddenly wide awake, he sat up. "Hey—what's this all about, angel face?"

"Briefly," said Kerry, ignoring the blandishments, "I suppose it's about give and take. The basis, they do say, of a happy marriage; also, one assumes, of a happy engagement."

"Sorry?" Miles's frown deepened. "I'm still not with you."



"Well—it's just that sometimes it seems to me that I do most of the giving and you do most of the taking, and all in all it's turning out to be a rather one-sided arrangement," she blurted out in an impulsive little rush.

"So that's it! Blackmail!" His handsome features relaxed into an expression of tolerant amusement.

"What?"

"Yes, you devious wench. You know you can't persuade me with tears, so you threaten to deprive me of my Sunday roast beef and two veg if I don't take you out to the wilds of Surrey this afternoon. Right?"

"Well, if you choose to put it that way . . ."

"I do. Stubborn little character, aren't you?" He stood up, drawing her with him. "I don't really know why I bother with you."



"You can meet somebody, just once," he said slowly, "and be certain that you know all you'll ever need to know about them."

Several seconds later, her lips still touching his cheek, she murmured, "Because I'm such a dab hand at roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, that's why."

"Could be. Go on, then," he said, giving her a push. "Fetch your coat. We'll have to hustle if we're going to see this place while it's still daylight."

"Aye, aye, sir," she said happily. "Messrs. Rodney Wilberforce and Son, here we come!"

THE YOUNG man who accompanied them to view the cottage was quietly efficient, friendly without being familiar, and of nondescript appearance apart from a thick mop of rich auburn hair. Kerry could not restrain herself from casting sidelong glances of unadulterated envy at that hair.

"It really is a delightful place," he was saying as he swung the car into a narrow

lane. "A collector's item, as houses go."

"Thatched, I understand," Miles grunted, wincing as the tyres bumped over another pothole. "That'd make the fire insurance pretty hefty, I imagine?"

"Well, yes, that's true. But then again—"

"And what about the mod. cons.? The Wilberforce rhymester omitted to mention those, which leads me to suspect that the water supply is a well at the bottom of the garden."

"Oh, no." The agent chuckled reassuringly. "The cons. are all perfectly mod. The last owner had the whole interior done over when he moved in about four years ago."

"Indeed? Well, if it's really such a desirable residence, why did he move out again so soon?" Miles persisted.

"Ah—now that is a rather sad story. This chap was a novelist, you see—the cottage

is an ideal setting for anyone in that line. I suppose you aren't by any chance——?"

"Good heavens, no," said Miles disdainfully. "I'm in advertising."

"Oh, well, anyhow, this chap had the good fortune—or so it seemed at the time—to sell the film rights of one of his books; whereupon everything in the garden was just lovely, until, just as he was getting used to the idea of being filthy rich, guess what?"

"The taxman cometh?" ventured Kerry.

"Right. With the sad result that old George felt obliged to do what so many others in the same boat have done. He went to live abroad. We'd become quite good pals while he was here, and he still sends me the occasional postcard."

"Where did he go?"

"Switzerland. Beautiful scenery and marvellous air, he says."

*Continued overleaf*

**"THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE"**

*Continued*

"Oh. He's quite happy then?" Kerry asked.

"Heavens, no," said the agent, switching off the engine. "He's as miserable as sin." He got out and came round to open the car door for her. "He misses his cottage, he says. And the smell of an English garden on a soft spring day, the crackle of a bonfire on an autumn afternoon, and Saturday cricket on the village green. Funny thing, though, what he misses most of all, he says, are the marigolds."

"Marigolds?" Having laboriously clambered out of the back seat, Miles was now wearing what Kerry privately dubbed his 'Spanish grandee' look. "Why marigolds?"

The agent smiled. "If this were summer, you'd see why. The garden here is full of them—always has been. That's how the cottage originally came by its name—you can still just read it here on the gate, though it's a bit faded now. Old George kept meaning to freshen up the paint, but somehow he never got round to it."

Miles's grimace was eloquent. "Clearly there were quite a few things old George never got round to. This gate is practically off its hinges—and I can see two cracked window-panes from here."

"Yes, the place has gone slightly to seed," the agent agreed equably. "Still, the repairs are nothing that a handyman couldn't soon put to rights."

"Humph." Miles studiously avoided the eyes of his betrothed, who was only too well aware that he was incapable of hammering in a nail without mutilating his thumb. "Well, now we're here, I suppose we may as well take a look inside."

"By all means." The front door juddered open with a protesting creak, and the agent motioned Kerry inside. He paused abstractedly to return her smile before he said as an afterthought, "Watch out for your head, won't you, sir? The lintel is rather—oh."

"Thanks," Miles said bitterly, massaging his scalp. "Which one of the Seven Dwarfs was this place initially designed for, do you know?"

"You are, in fact, rather on the tall side, aren't you?" the agent remarked, looking thoughtful. "Again, a handyman could easily get that seen to."

"Oh, yes? By sawing a couple of inches off my legs, I presume?"

"Don't be silly, darling," Kerry put in. "He meant the door could be fixed, didn't you, Mr.—er—?"

"Wilberforce," said the agent, "and I was, of course, referring to the door. All you'd need to do—"

"Wilberforce?" Kerry's eyebrows shot up. "Good gracious! Which one are you? Rodney—or Son?"

"Both. I mean, I'm Rodney Wilberforce, Junior. I'm usually called 'Rod', to avoid confusion."

"And are you by any chance responsible for the poetic gems which my fiancee finds so enchanting?" Miles inquired with ill-concealed sarcasm.

"I'm afraid so. Do you really like them?" Mr. Wilberforce turned eagerly to Kerry. "My father thinks they're a great mistake. Too frivolous, he says."

"Fiddlesticks! That's the trouble with the world today," Kerry declared firmly. "It takes itself far too seriously. A little more frivolity would do us all a power of good. You can tell your father that, with my compliments." *Continued overleaf*



# UPBRAIDED!

The look of Paris is now within your means! Stunning up-to-the-minute jacket in sunshine yellow is boldly detailed in contrasting braid to great effect

**This week Jill Cox highlights a versatile McCall's pattern**

TOPS ARE PRIORITY this season, with jackets out in force in Paris. Especially popular were the ones decorated with various types of braid and trimmings; so we scoured around for an appropriate pattern and came up with this clever one from McCall's featuring a basic jacket with four variations, plus a three-quarter and full length coat. Classic in styling, our version has simple round neck and front seaming detail for extra shaping, with inset pockets set in the seams. Dashing braid trim decorates the edges and seam lines, front and back, trims the sleeves and forms loops for the toggle front fastenings. We used gaberdine for our jacket but lightweight wools, brushed mohairs, jersey and, for summer, sailcloth, linen and denim would all be equally effective.

For coupon and voucher with which to order, please turn to page 4.

McCALL'S PATTERN No. 5427 Price 80p <i>Postage and packing free</i>	SIZES		PETITE		SMALL		MEDIUM		LARGE	
	These sizes cover from size 6 up to size 20									
	Fabric width cm	Fabric width in.	Fabric allowance m	Fabric allowance yd.						
Jacket	137	54	1.40	1½	1.40	1½	1.50	1½	1.70	1½
Braid	1.5	½	7.80	8½	8.10	8½	8.30	9½	8.60	9½



The ideal jacket for almost every occasion, equally suitable to wear with trousers or skirts for leisure wear or alternatively, made up in a different fabric, it would be marvellous for that evening outing over a long skirt or dress.

*Sweater from Pringle.*

## "THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE"

Continued

"I most certainly will. And thank you very much for your encouragement."

"You're entirely welcome."

"If you two have quite finished," said Miles, with more than a tinge of asperity, "could we perhaps proceed with the object of the exercise?"

"Gosh, yes—I'm terribly sorry." Mr. Wilberforce's ears, Kerry noted with sympathetic interest, had turned bright crimson, like those of a gauche and embarrassed schoolboy. Accustomed as she was to the smooth sophistication of Miles and his contemporaries, she found this a novel and strangely touching revelation. "It's a pity you couldn't have come earlier," he was continuing regretfully. "The days are so short still, and naturally the electricity is disconnected."

"I can see enough to know I don't think much of your friend George's colour scheme," said Kerry, shading her eyes in exaggerated horror. "Did he perpetrate this all by himself?"

**M**R. WILBERFORCE grinned, his ears gradually resuming their normal hue. "Would you believe he engaged the services of a professional interior decorator? I tried to tell him it was all ghastly, but he was besottedly in love with the woman—insisted she was a genius. I forgot her name—Pamela or Prue—"

"Penelope," Miles interrupted loftily. Penelope Callendar-Tripp. I'd recognise her style anywhere."

"Would you really?" Rodney Wilberforce appeared duly impressed. "That's amazing."

"Not at all. Penelope has a style that is entirely her own. Absolutely unique."

"Thank heaven for that," muttered Kerry, unguardedly opening the kitchen door and flinching hurriedly away from the pillar-box red wallpaper. She looked helplessly at Mr. Wilberforce, and could have sworn he winked. "May we see the bedrooms, please? I don't think the advertisement mentioned the number."

"No, that was very remiss of me. Actually, there are three; four if you count the box-room. I personally always visualised that as being ideal for a sewing-room for the lady of the house. The window overlooks the orchard, and the view—"

"An orchard! Oh, Miles, did you hear?"

"I should watch yourself coming round that bend in the staircase, sir. There's an odd sort of overhanging bit there that just—oh, dear. Bad luck." Mr. Wilberforce coughed, and hastily averted his gaze from Miles's anguished face. "And this is the master bedroom. Again, I imagine you'd want to do something about the décor—"

"You are so right. The dreaded Penelope strikes again!" Kerry squinted in disbelief at what appeared to be a purple brontosaurus galloping across the pea-green ceiling.

Mr. Wilberforce nodded. "Well, you know the old adage, 'Love is blind'."

"I don't know what you two are rambling on about," Miles said severely as he trailed after them, "but if, as I suspect, you're being derogatory about Penelope's work, I feel bound to point out that in my opinion, the only item on the credit side of this antediluvian shack is the quality of the interior design."

Kerry and Mr. Wilberforce looked first at him, then at each other. "It's his head."

Continued on page 58

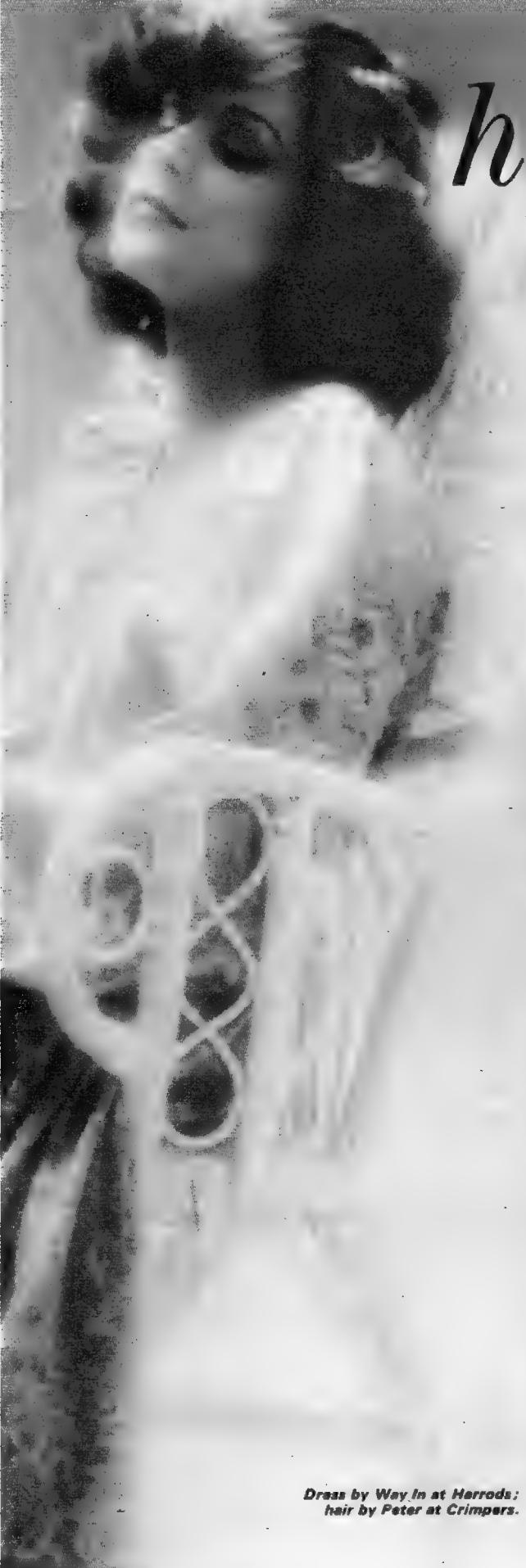
# Do you know

It may sound like a silly question, says Rebecca Scott, but, in actual fact, a lot of women don't!

**T**HE POWER of being able to relax is fundamental to health and to beauty. You don't accept that? Well, putting aside for the moment the very serious illnesses that can result from major stress, think of all the beauty-wrecking factors that can emerge if you let all your minor problems and tensions take over your mind and body.

Tension shows up vividly in your skin (frowns of concentration and tension become anxious little lines and wrinkles; you may have a poor colour and maybe spots due to rushed, inadequate meals and inadequate sleep); in your figure (shoulders hunched, overweight/underweight due to badly balanced meals; flabbiness—no time for exercise); and elsewhere, in bitten nails, headaches, insomnia; and a general feeling of tiredness and depression.

Do any of these symptoms sound familiar? If so, here are some suggestions to help you relax, feel and look better, and to get more out of life generally.



# how to relax?

**Make time for yourself:** Do you sometimes feel like the White Rabbit in "Alice in Wonderland"—as if your entire life is spent scurry, scurrying—up in the morning to get ready and make the breakfast, catch the train or bus, get to work on time, meet deadlines, scramble through the lunchtime crowds for food, gobble a hasty sandwich, back to work to deal with more problems, then rush off again to catch the train, to make the meal, to catch up on the chores, until, whew! it's time for bed again, and not quite enough sleep to make you feel exactly like bouncing out of bed tomorrow? Or perhaps you're a busy mother with the demands of your children to deal with every day?

Find some time that is just for you every single day—and don't feel guilty about taking it: everyone needs this as a safety valve. If you have very young children, you could take this time while they have an afternoon nap, or after they've gone to bed in the evening. If you work outside the home, "your" time could be first thing in the morning, if you're an early bird, last thing at night if you're not. Even if it's only a snatched half hour, take it—to read, sew, give yourself a manicure or facial, have a luxurious bath, walk, chat—whatever.

Don't get into the routine of doing chores *every* night, if you work outside the home during the day: you need time to unwind.

**Don't get in a rut:** Don't always walk the same way to work, wear exactly the same make-up, do your hair the same way, read the same sort of books, eat the same sort of food, do the same sort of thing at the weekend. Give yourself the stimulus of change in little things: there's nothing quite so tiring as boredom.

**Help yourself to sleep well:** If insomnia is a problem, maybe the following points will help.

- Make a list of all the problems that are bothering you—actually write them down. If there are any practical solutions you think would solve any (go and see the doctor/bank manager; do whatever it is you've been putting off doing; cut down expenses in some particular way; have a talk with someone who can help), write these down, too, and score the problem through. It's often the vague cloud of nagging worries that keeps one from sleeping, and the act of committing them to paper seems to help.

- Have a pleasant, undemanding night-time routine. Before you go to

bed, allow yourself a good half hour or so when you can cleanse your face, have a bath, maybe, tune into the BBC's Book at Bedtime, have a milky night-time drink, get your clothes ready for the next day.

- Have a light book to read (not a stimulating thriller!) until you feel drowsy.
- If you simply can't get off to sleep, or if your problem is that you wake in the small hours, don't toss and turn, working yourself into a hot, resentful, headache, blanket-twitching fury! Get up, make yourself a hot drink, fill a hot water bottle and read until, let's hope, you feel sleepy.
- Don't eat heavy meals after 9 p.m.
- Try having a quick ten-minute walk before bedtime.

**Get some exercise:** This is a very good way of battling tension: join a keep-fit class or learn to swim, or even just run, if you're young and healthy! A brisk walk, taken twice a day is also valuable. The secret is to take your exercise, whatever it is, regularly: don't indulge in sudden spurts of violent exercise once in a blue moon: this is bad for your heart, and agony for your poor unaccustomed muscles!

**Try to relax about yourself more:** Are you constantly peering into a mirror, mentally and physically, examining your own defects, whether physical, social, intellectual or moral? Are you always worrying about the fact that you're too fat, too thin, too short, too stupid, too shy? Well, a little healthy self-criticism is fine, but don't go overboard. Try to like yourself a little more as you are.

**Creative hobbies** can help you to relax: painting, playing a musical instrument, or listening to music, sewing, cooking for fun, woodwork, even, if you're so inclined—the pleasure of making something with your hands is good therapy for any kind of tension.

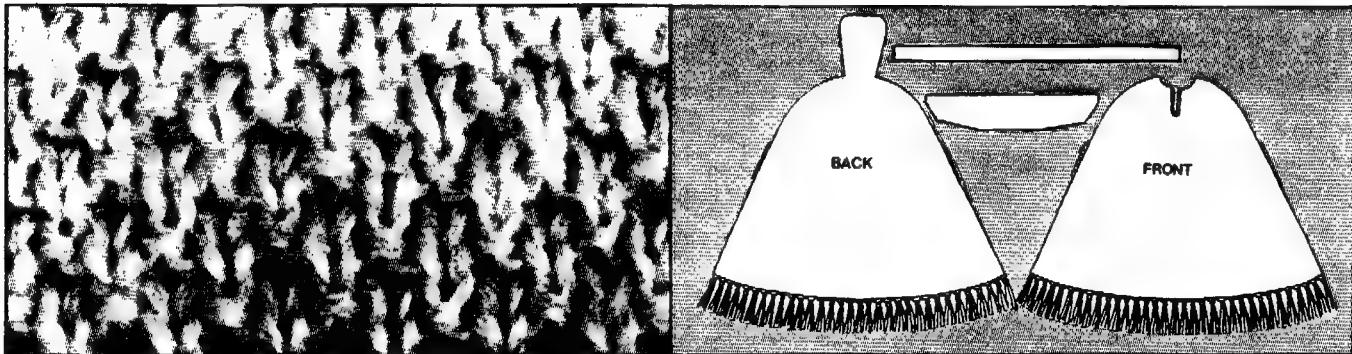
**Organise your day better** to give yourself more time to eat properly and in a more leisurely way. Take time to set the table attractively, sit down, and relax over the meal instead of bolting it in 2 minutes flat.

**Try yoga:** it's relaxing and soothing, and by no means suitable only for lissom young women of 22! See if your local authority has classes, and go along, or buy a simple book on the subject, and regularly set aside some quiet time at home to practise.

# ALL ROUND SUCCESS

By popular request. Our adult poncho was such a runaway success with the mums, that we have been asked to give a repeat performance, only this time for daughters in the 8 to 14 age range

## Instructions in 2 sizes



**MATERIALS:** Allow the following quantities in 50 g balls of Patons Double Plus and 50 g balls of Patons Kismet: 8 balls of Double Plus and 8 balls of Kismet to fit an average 8-11 year old, 10 balls Double Plus and 10 balls Kismet to fit an average 11-14 year old. For either size: a pair each of No. 5 and No. 7 knitting needles; a size 4.00 crochet hook.

**TENSION AND MEASUREMENTS:** Worked at a tension of 16 stitches and 25 rows to measure 10 x 10 cm, over the pattern, using No. 5 needles, the 1st size cape will measure, length from centre back neck, 71 cm (28 inches), excluding fringe, and all round widest part 186 cm (73½ inches), and will be suitable for an average 8-11 year old. The 2nd size cape will measure, length from centre back neck, 77.5 cm (30½ inches), excluding fringe, and all round at widest part 201 cm (79 inches), and will be suitable for an average 11-14 year old.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl., slip.

**NOTE:** The instructions are given for the 8-11 year old size. Where they vary, work the figures within brackets for the 11-14 year old size.

**SPECIAL NOTE:** One strand of Double Plus and Kismet are used together throughout.

**THE BACK:** With No. 5 needles and 1 strand each of Double Plus and Kismet together, cast on 41 (53) sts. and p. 1 row.

To shape lower edge: 1st row (right side): Cast on 8 sts., then p. 1, \* k. 1, p. 1; repeat from \* to end.

2nd row: Cast on 8 sts., p. to end.

3rd row: Cast on 8 sts., k. 1, \* p. 1, k. 1; repeat from \* to end.

4th row: As 2nd row.

5th and 6th rows: Repeat 1st and 2nd rows.

7th row: Cast on 4 sts., k. 1, \* p. 1, k. 1; repeat from \* to end.

8th row: Cast on 4 sts., p. to end.

9th row: Cast on 4 sts., p. 1, \* k. 1, p. 1; repeat from \* to end.

10th row: As 8th row.

11th to 16th rows: Repeat 7th to 10th rows once, then 7th and 8th rows again—129 (141) sts.

Keeping continuity of pattern, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next 5 rows, then the 5 following alternate rows—149 (161) sts. Pattern 5 (19) rows.

To shape sides: Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the 8 (10) following 6th rows—131 (139) sts.

Pattern 3 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 7 (4) following 4th rows—115 (129) sts. \*\*

Work 1 row, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 18 (17) following alternate rows—77 (93) sts.

Now dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 13 (17) rows—51 (59) sts.

Cast off 5 (6) sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows and 6 sts. on the following 2 rows—19 (23) sts.

To work back of hood: Beginning with a k. row, s.s. 4 rows, then continuing in s.s., inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the 5 (6) following 6th rows—31 (37) sts.

S.s. 9 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the 2 following alternate rows, then each end of the next 3 rows.

Cast off the remaining 19 (25) sts.

**THE FRONT:** Work as given for back to \*\*.

Work 1 row, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 4 (1) following alternate row(s)—105 (125) sts.

To divide for front opening: Next row: P. 51 (61) sts. and leave these sts. on a spare needle for right half front, cast off next 3 sts., p. to end and work on these 51 (61) sts. for left half front.

The left half front: Dec. 1 st. at side edge on the next row and 12 (14) following alternate rows—38 (46) sts.

To shape the neck: Cast off 4 (6) sts. at the beginning of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 4 rows.

Keeping neck edge straight, dec. 1 st. at side edge on the next 10 (14) rows—16 (18) sts.

Cast off 5 (6) sts. at the beginning of next row and then on the following alternate row.

Work 1 row, then cast off remaining 6 sts.

The right half front: With right side of work facing, rejoin yarns to inner end of 51 (61) sts. on spare needle and dec. 1 st. at side edge on the next row and 12 (14) following alternate rows—38 (46) sts.

Work 1 row.

To shape the neck: 1st row: Cast off 4 (6) sts., pattern until 2 sts. remain, dec.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 4 rows, then keeping neck edge straight dec. 1 st. at side edge on the next 9 (13) rows—16 (18) sts.

Work 1 row.

Cast off 5 (6) sts. at the beginning of the next row and then on the following alternate row.

Work 1 row, then cast off remaining 6 sts.

**THE FRONT OF HOOD:** With No. 7 needles and a strand each of Double Plus and Kismet together, cast on 96 (106) sts. for front edge and, beginning with a k. row, s.s. 9 rows.

Inc. row: P. 2 (7), \* inc. in next st., p. 9; repeat from \* until 4 (9) sts. remain, inc. in next st., p. 3 (8)—106 (116) sts.

Change to No. 5 needles and dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and the 8 (9) following alternate rows—88 (96) sts.

P. 1 row.

1st and 2nd turning rows: K. until 8 sts. remain, for 1st row, turn, sl. 1 p. until 8 sts. remain, for 2nd row, turn.

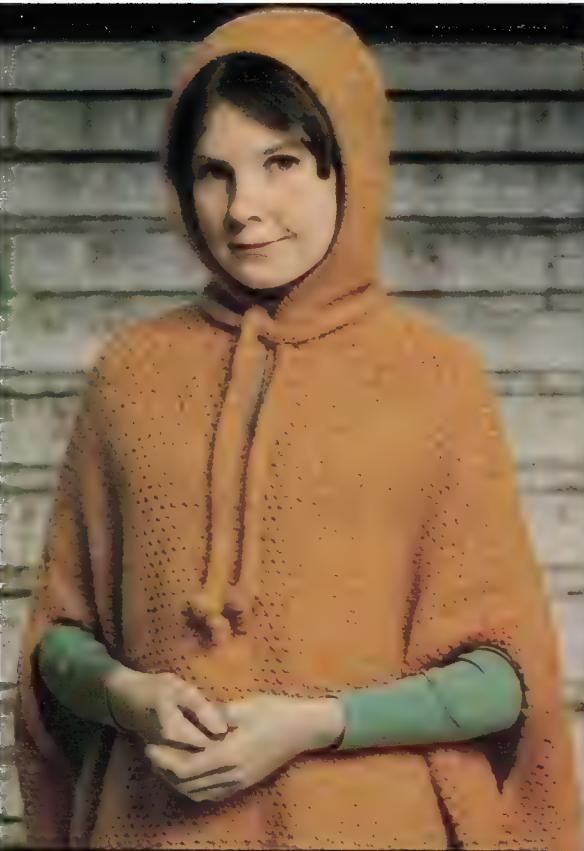
3rd and 4th turning rows: K. until 16 sts. remain, turn, sl. 1 p. until 16 sts. remain, turn.

Repeat 3rd and 4th turning rows, twice more, working to within 8 sts. more from end on each successive repeat.

Next row: K. to end. Cast off.

**THE TIE:** With No. 7 needles and 2 yarns together, cast on 200 (215) sts. and, beginning with a k. row, s.s. 6 rows.

Cast off loosely.



There's a host of gorgeous colours to choose from, including: honey/daffodil; firebright poppy; peppermint/eastern jade; mauve/blackcurrant.

**TO MAKE UP THE CAPE:** Do not press. Place a marker 22 (25) cm from lower edge and a 2nd marker 16 cm above 1st marker on each side of back and front. Join side seams, leaving row ends free between markers for hand slits.

**THE FRONT NECK EDGING:** With right side facing, rejoin the 2 yarns to end of cast-off group at neck on left half front, and using size 4.00" hook, work a row of d.c. down left side of front opening and up other side to neck edge, turn and work a row of d.c. over d.c. Fasten off.

**THE SLIT EDGINGS (2 alike):** With right side facing, rejoin the 2 yarns to lower edge of slit and using size 4.00 hook, work 3 rounds of d.c. all round slit. Fasten off. Fold to wrong side and catch in place.

**THE LOWER EDGING:** With right side facing, rejoin the 2 yarns to lower edge and using size 4.00 hook, work a round of d.c. evenly all along lower edge of cape, working a multiple of 4, join.

Work another round of d.c.

Next round: \* 1 d.c. into each of next 2 d.c., 3 ch., miss 2 d.c.; repeat from \* to end, join and fasten off.

**TO COMPLETE CAPE:** Sew cast-off edge of front of hood all round outer edge of back hood. Turn 5 rows at beginning of hood front to wrong side and catch in place, then sew row ends to neck edges of front. Join cast-on and cast-off edges of tie with wrong side outside.

Sew the centre section of tie to the base of hood to cover join, leaving ends free to tie at front. Cut remainder of yarn into 30 cm (12 inch) lengths and using 8 strands at a time, knot a tassel into each 3 ch. loop at lower edge.



## CONCLUDING UNA ROTHWELL'S COMPELLING NOVEL WITH AN AUSTRALIAN BACKGROUND

A sweet intoxication flowed through her as he asked, softly, "If I had confessed that I was in love with a small girl with brown eyes who stepped from a train and into my heart . . . what would you have said?"

D RINKS were served. Several older folk were at card tables and, on the veranda, couples moved in rhythm to the music. Lyn went quietly back to the corner under the shadows of the athel trees, but there was only one other couple, close together. They did not hear Lyn on the grass, and she turned and went away. Where was Page?

When she came up the steps, Scott came towards her. He had had many duty dances but before he could reach Lyn, Don Littleton from Pannawarra stepped up.

"You burned your feet during that fire, didn't you?" he said as they danced.

"It's nothing. Almost healed."

"It's lucky you pulled those kids out. You're doing well for a 'pom'!"

"You do well, too, for a country boy," she jibbed in return.

He grinned amiably and swung her round.

"My turn, I think," Scott said smoothly, and Lyn found herself in his arms.

She had tried to avoid this. He held her firmly, and their movements were easy and fluid without conscious thought, as though one impulse activated them. She let herself enjoy it, but her face burned. She felt that he was looking down at her intently, and dared not look up to meet his eyes.

He said abruptly, "You've been on your feet all day. Is the blister healing?"

"It's . . . healing . . ."

"Have you enjoyed the day?"

"I found it interesting." It sounded lukewarm. She added, "Fun."

"You give me the impression that you stay on the outside. You watch from the fringe."

She did not know what to make of the remark.

They were at the entrance near the office, and he led her down the steps to the path. "I want to talk to you."

To her surprise he went to his utility van parked outside the gate and opened the door for her.

"Where are we going?"

"Just away . . . We'll get no quiet here."

He drove to the belt of minneritchie trees and silenced the engine. The music was muted, seeming part of the air as they sat in the darkened cabin of the vehicle.

"I want to tell you what's been happening about the sale," he began.

Lyn sighed. Everyone confided in her! It was nice to be considered sympathetic and understanding, but there was a snag. Where did one turn with one's own troubles?

She knew the answer to that. She had found the confidant, the one she could trust . . . and he must never know it.

# THE WELCOMING LAND

ILLUSTRATED BY DENIS ALFORD

### HOW THE STORY BEGAN

Minneritchie was a cattle station in Australia's drought-ridden Channel Country, and LYN STAFFORD was determined to make a success of her job there as companion-help, despite PAGE MURRAY'S attempts to keep her in Brisbane, and despite her new employer, SCOTT COURTLAND'S scepticism of this diminutive English girl's ability to cope. Scott's family had been at Minneritchie for generations, though his parents had recently retired to the town of Broken Hill, leaving their daughter JENNIFER and OWEN, her husband, to run the place. Scott had his own property, Kalawa, away to the north. Now Owen's work as an agricultural specialist had taken him to India, and so the other Courtlands had rallied round to try to keep Minneritchie going, and to care for Jennifer's children seven-year-old MARGOT and three-year-old BRUCE.

Uppermost in everyone's mind was the drought. When would the water come? Lyn felt quickly involved with their problems, for the prospect of having to sell their family home was always with them, yet she knew she must not become too attached to them all, especially Scott whom she found dangerously attractive, but who clearly belonged to ALMA GARDINER, a neighbour's daughter. Page arrived for a visit, and he and Scott found an instant rapport, though Alma seemed scornful of Page's city ways. Everyone assumed that Page and Lyn would marry, and she did nothing to deny it. It was her defence against her feelings for Scott.

Then the floods came, in a torrent that took a concerted effort from them all to control. Afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Courtland visited Broken Hill, leaving Lyn in charge, and she felt a delicious contentment at sharing a home with Scott, so close and yet so far apart. During this time a fire destroyed the children's bedroom and Lyn, first on the scene, averted a near disaster by getting Margot and Bruce out. The date of the annual cricket match between Minneritchie and Pannawarra, the Gardiners' property, drew near. It was a great occasion; Page agreed to play in the team, and Lyn longed for the chance to set matters straight between them. He clearly regarded her as his girl, and that, she now sadly acknowledged, she could never be. Jennifer and Owen came home on leave and their gratitude to Lyn for saving the children touched her deeply. Even so, she knew she must soon leave, and her only concern was that Alma should never guess that she had fallen in love with Scott. She couldn't bear to cause trouble between them.

To everyone's delight, Minneritchie triumphed in the cricket match, and spectators joined in the party in the evening. Next year, the return match would be at Pannawarra and Lyn wondered, sadly, just where Fate would have led her by then.

*The story now concludes*

"Carry on," she said quietly.

"About Minneritchie: it's been a long, tough problem, but we have found a solution. Page worked it out. He's a fine chap, Lyn."

She agreed soberly.

"I can see part of the way," he went on, "but I shall need a large amount of luck. It's all poised on a knife's edge."

"What did you have in mind?"

"Well, I couldn't sell Kalawa, which would have paid the debts here. My parents

made sacrifices to get it for me, and would not have accepted letting it go to save Minneritchie."

"It would have been a disappointment for them," she agreed.

"Page helped me thrash it out, and prepared the figures for me. Then I talked to a financial institution in Adelaide and flew up to Kalawa with their inspectors. We had several days on the place. We flew over it, rode over it, and inspected the cattle. Now Page has their reply. I have been allowed



a substantial mortgage on Kalawa."

"You'll manage to pay it off, Scott," she said sincerely.

"It means I must make both properties pay. We need Kalawa as an outlet to the north and a breeding property for the stock."

LYN LACED her fingers round her knees and listened intently. "You won't sell Minneritchie, after all."

"No. I've had great pleasure in inform-

ing our prospective buyer, Featherstone, of that fact."

"Have you told your parents?"

"It was best not . . . with all this going on around us. We'll have a long family discussion tomorrow."

"I appreciate your telling me, Scott." She withdrew a little. She should not have been the first to be told. Then her relief and pleasure bubbled over. "You'll be able to stay here! How wonderful!"

She could hear the eagerness in his voice

and readiness to face the challenge, and knew that the thought of the battle ahead did not dismay him. "I'll press on," he said.

"You'll succeed." Something of her trust must have shown through, for he sounded emotional when he replied: "You hoped something like this would happen?"

"I hadn't a clue what . . . Your parents will be so relieved and happy, Scott."

"It will mean a lot of pinching and  
*Continued overleaf*

**THE WELCOMING LAND**  
Continued

saving; a lot of very hard work."

"What does it matter?" Her enthusiasm reached out to him.

"It could matter if I wished to marry."

She recalled Jennifer's remark about his pride. Surely he would not let it stand between him and Alma.

Suddenly the rôle of confidante palled, and she felt a wave of fury at being trapped into the position once again. The little friend to whom everyone turned!

She felt for the handle and flung the door open. She was out and standing beside the utility before she realised that she had left one of her shoes behind. It had been hurting, and she had slipped it off.

"Lyn!" he said in concern. "What is it?"

"Ask her!" she gritted. "You make me sick! Ask her! She's the one to decide . . ."

There was a pause, and she felt like using one of Bruce's expletives. "Where is my shoe?"

She found it before he could reach for it, and slipped it on her foot. She ran from him then, and he did not follow. She panted into the stone house and flung herself on her bed. Moonlight fell in patches of light across the floor, and she let her eyelids close over tired eyes.

One part of her rejoiced at the news Scott had told her. The family were to stay. Beneath that rejoicing was an ache for her own loss. Now he could ask Alma to marry him.

**S**HE WOKE when she heard voices coming closer, and, after a while, others arrived in twos and threes. There was laughter and talk as they prepared for bed.

I'd better not be here in my dress, Lyn thought drearily. I feel as though the effort of moving is beyond me. Drained. Not the work. Just . . . things . . .

She did not move until Alma came in, later than the rest. Her eyes were starry, and her hair disarranged. She came forward into the light with a dreamy air of abstraction.

She had the look of a girl in love. A girl who has been soundly kissed. But her words were prosaic enough. "Phew! What a night!"

"Is the party still going on?" Now that the bulb glowed above them, Lyn stirred herself to action and swung her feet over the side of the bed.

"It's almost over. The Courtlands retired to bed about an hour ago."

"Your parents . . . ?"

"In bed, too."

She stood for a moment as though some thought had dimmed her happiness, then she flung the sheet back and sat down on the bed. "Page was looking for you."

"Oh, was he?"

Lyn creamed make-up from her face and wiped it away with a tissue. Page. She could not seek him out now. It was almost morning. Besides, she could not bear much more. She must sleep, and tomorrow she would talk to Page and they would reach an understanding.

Alma seemed to be waiting, to be watching her. Her voice was harsh and abrupt as she said: "I must talk to you, Lyn."

There was the sound of heavy steps on the veranda. Alma frowned and strode to the door to fling it wide. Don Littleton stood there, blinking in the light from the doorway.

"It's Lyn I'm after, Alma. There's been

Continued on page 42



# KNITTING WITH A DASH

A super cream hooded sweater with special winter appeal. With wide sleeves, an unusual drawstring on the hood and a drop shoulderline, it is knitted in stocking stitch in a four colour pattern

## Instructions in 3 sizes

**MATERIALS:** Allow the following quantities in 20 g balls of Patons Carefree 4-ply: 20 main, 1 each of black, grey, pink and red for 86 cm size; 21 main, 1 each of black and pink, 2 each of grey and red for 91 cm size; 22 main, 2 each of black, grey, pink and red for 97 cm size. For any one size: a pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles.

**TENSION:** Work at a tension of 28 stitches and 36 rows to measure 10 x 10 cm, over the plain stocking stitch, using No. 10 needles, to obtain the measurements given below.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); s.s., stocking st. (k. on the right side and p. on the wrong side); single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately; m., main colour; g., grey; b., black; pk., pink; r., red.

**NOTE:** The instructions are given for the 86 cm (34 inch) size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 91 cm (36 inch) size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 97 cm (38 inch) size.

**THE BACK:** With No. 10 needles and m. cast on 135 (141) (147) sts. and work 28 rows in single rib, beginning odd-numbered rows with k. 1 and even-numbered rows with p. 1, and dec. 1 st. at each end of last row—133 (139) (145) sts.

### MEASUREMENTS      in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)

To fit bust size	86 (34)	91 (36)	97 (38)
Side seam	50.5 (20)	50.5 (20)	50.5 (20)
Length	70 (27½)	71 (28)	71 (28)
Sleeve seam	44 (17½)	44 (17½)	44 (17½)

Beginning with a k. row, work 156 rows in s.s.—mark each end of last row to denote end of side seam.

\*\* Now work in pattern as follows, joining and breaking colours as required. It is not necessary to weave in yarns, but care should be taken to avoid drawing yarn not in use too tightly across back of work, or work could become puckered. It is worked entirely in s.s. beginning with a k. row, so only the colour details are given.

1st and 2nd rows: All g.

3rd and 4th rows: All m.

5th row: 1 b., \* 2 m., 1 b.; repeat from \* to end.

6th row: 1 m., \* 1 b., 3 m., 1 b., 1 m.; repeat from \* to end.

7th row: 2 m., \* 1 b., 1 m., 1 b., 3 m.; repeat from \* ending last repeat with 2 m.

8th row: 1 b., \* 2 m., 1 b.; repeat from \* to end.

9th row: As 7th row.

10th row: As 6th row.

11th row: As 5th row.

12th and 13th rows: All m.

14th and 15th rows: All g.

Continuing in s.s. beginning with a p. row, work in the following stripe sequence, 11 rows m., 6 rows pk., 4 rows m., 8 rows r., 4 rows g. \*\*

Now continue in m. only s.s. 18 (22) (22) rows—s.s. 1 (5) (5) row(s) here when working front. \*\*\*

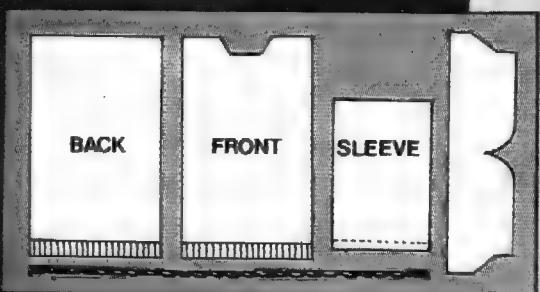
To divide for back neck: K. 46 (49) (52), and leave these sts. on a spare needle for right back neck, cast off 41 sts., k. to end and work on remaining 46 (49) (52) sts. for left back neck.

The left back neck: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on each of the next 3 rows—43 (46) (49) sts.

Cast off.

The right back neck: With wrong side of work facing, rejoin m. to sts. on spare needle and work as given for left back neck to end.

Continued overleaf



Alternative colour schemes you could try include : vanilla cream patterned with Lincoln green/willow/butternut/peat brown, or lemon sorbet with shamrock/horizon blue/royal white.

## KNITTING WITH A DASH

Hooded sweater: continued

**THE FRONT:** Work as given for back to \*\*\* noting variation.

To divide for front neck: P. 53 (56) (59) and leave these sts. on a spare needle for right front neck, cast off 27 sts., p. to end and work on these 53 (56) (59) sts. for left front neck.

The left front neck: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the next row and the 9 following alternate rows—43 (46) (49) sts.

Work 1 row, then cast off.

The right front neck: With right side of work facing, rejoin m. to inner end of sts. on spare needle and work as given for left front neck to end.

**THE SLEEVES:** With No. 10 needles and m. cast on 115 (121) (121) sts. for top of sleeve and work 108 rows in s.s.

Now work as given for back from \*\* to \*\*.

Continue with m. only and s.s. 2 rows.

Change to No. 12 needles and p. 1 row to mark fold line, then beginning with a p. row, s.s. 12 rows.

Cast off these 115 (121) (121) sts.

**THE HOOD:** With No. 10 needles and m. cast on 217 sts. and work 12 rows in s.s.

Now work as given for back from \*\* until 20 rows of pattern and stripes have been completed in all.

To shape the hood: With m. cast off 14 sts. at each end of the next row—189 sts. Break off yarn and rejoin to sts.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 5 rows, drop m., pick up pk. and dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 5 rows—169 sts.

Work 1 row pk., break off pk., pick up m. and dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and following alternate row, work 1 row.

Work 8 rows r. and 4 rows g. at the same time, dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and 4 following alternate rows—155 sts.

With m. k. 1 row.

Next row: P. 77, p. into front and back of next st., p. 77—156 sts.

To divide hood for crown: K. 78 and leave these sts. on a spare needle for 2nd half, k. to end and work on these 78 sts. for the 1st half.

The 1st half: Dec. 1 st. at end—read beginning here when working 2nd half—of the next row and 9 following alternate rows—68 sts.

Dec. 1 st. at same edge on each of the next 8 rows—60 sts.

Cast off.

The 2nd half: With wrong side of work facing, rejoin m. to 78 sts. on spare needle and work as given for 1st half to end, noting variation where indicated.

**TO MAKE UP THE SWEATER:** Press with a cool iron over a dry cloth. Join shoulder seams. Set in sleeves between markers on back and front. Join sleeve and side seams. Fold up hems at fold line on sleeve and slip st. into position. Turn up 6 rows at cast-on edge of hood and slip st. in place on the inside. Join row ends of hood from 1st g. stripe to 14 sts. cast-off. Sew cast-off groups of hood together continuing along decreases. Sew hood to sweater, placing front seam to centre of cast-off group at front and back seam to centre of cast-off group at back. Make a twisted cord using 8 strands of m. 120 cm (47½ inches) long.

Thread cord through hem at face edge to tie at front.

## LOOKING AT LIFE WITH THE MAN-WHO-SEES

# Giving With A Good Grace

We can only admire and try to emulate those people who perform chores for others with the gift of grace, making light of any effort involved and expecting no praise

**A**MONG THE PEOPLE one has known may be some who, like Dickensian characters, are always remembered for a certain characteristic or an habitual turn of speech. As one always thinks of Mr Micawber as waiting for something to turn up, or Barkis as being 'willin', so, when my thoughts go back to the mother of one of my youthful friends, I think of her way of making known the day-by-day trials and tribulations of her existence and all she did for others, as wife, mother, homemaker and kindly neighbour.

"Nobody knows . . ." she would invariably begin. And there would follow details of what she had, in effect, to put up with and all the effort involved in her services. "Nobody knows how hard it is for me to keep this place fit to live in, with you children tramping in and out," she would say as we 'tramped' up to the attic play-room on wet days or when the fancy took us. And, halted halfway up the stairs, we would hear how the kitchen floor had just been washed, or the place got ready for visitors, or the banisters polished.

Being a constant visitor, I also learned that 'nobody' knew how impossible it was for her to arrange meals for latecomers and unexpected guests and all the trouble she went to, in her cooking. 'Nobody' knew the hours or work needed, or the difficulties encountered to produce some result or other. 'Nobody' knew what an effort it was to stay on her feet and keep going when she had some aches or pains or ailments. 'Nobody' knew all the running back and forth, the time spent on some neighbourhood good deed, and 'nobody' knew how she worried about that sister of hers and all she had to do for her and her family.

I think now that she was lacking in self-assurance and needed praise and appreciation in large doses, and had fallen into this way of trying to get it. This is often the case with those people, whom we all meet from time to time, who 'make heavy weather' of all they do, constantly calling attention to it.

Unfortunately, this is usually self-defeating and such people are apt to receive



even less grateful appreciation or praise for their laudable actions than is the normal lot. Husbands and children are notoriously unresponsive to such methods. In those households where the constant theme song of the wife and mother is 'all I do for you', there is apt to be a marked absence of the grace of gratitude.

### THEY TAKE NO NOTICE

**B**EING MADE to feel guilty, to feel that somebody's back is aching in every joint on your behalf, or that they have 'gone to so much trouble' for you, seldom launches one into lyrical expressions of grateful appreciation. It is more likely to produce a muttered "rather you didn't do it, if it's all that trouble. Nobody wants you to wear yourself out." Or the all too familiar plea for recognition will fall on ears grown deaf to it and be ignored, the attitude being, "Oh, she likes to make a song and dance about everything she does. It's just her way. We take no notice."

Appreciation is a deep human need, and few are so self-assured, and disdainful of what others might think of them and their works, that they never want a word of thanks or praise. But an excessive need for these sweeteners can make the person who has it tiresome and irritating. The other day I heard a snippet of conversation exemplifying this.

A member of a local fund-raising committee had asked another to leave some printed matter with a woman who had promised some help with their affair. "And



don't forget to tell her how wonderful she is at the job and how good it is of her to give up her time, and all the rest of it," she cautioned. "She should be able to do this in a couple of hours. But you know what she's like. The fuss she makes, and expects everyone else to make, if she lifts a finger. She's a great bore. But there's no one else living out that way near all those people we want to reach. So you'll have to waste time letting her tell you how difficult it is all going to be for her."

Taking for granted everything that is done for them, all sacrifices made by one person in the home, is a too common family failing. And there are employers who never give those working for them a word of praise until the afternoon of their retirement ceremony after a lifetime in the firm. These certainly have reason for complaint and for saying: "If I don't blow my own trumpet, nobody else will." The 'willing horse' may also be insensitively taken far too much for granted by friends, neighbours and a community they work for tirelessly.

But sensible people give and serve and get on with the job, whatever it may be, without too much fuss and constant calling and overcalling attention to it. They are content with reasonable appreciation of their efforts, a special thank you for special efforts, praise for some extra special achievement, an occasional 'blanket' and spontaneous expression of loving gratitude from their nearest and dearest, which leaves them in no doubt as to the high value

which is put on them by those for whom they do so much. And by and large I think most of us do give these sweeteners to one another to this reasonable degree.

But it is unreasonable to expect that our little world, at home or at work, should have a constant and grateful eye on all we do for it, or stop in its turning to break into rounds of applause because we do our appointed jobs. It will rarely do so. Or if it does, it will pay only lip service, as in the case of those committee members. The plain fact is that people are irked by being made to feel they are under an obligation to someone at every turn, selfishly accepting another's sacrifices, falling short in their responsiveness, not giving as much as is given. And it is irritating to have to praise too much for too little.

Perhaps our most sincere gratitude, our happiest response to another's efforts, and our admiration, goes to those blessed people who never seem to think they are deserving of it but consider that all the pleasure is on their side. Members of this élite, endowed with a special gift of grace, are not so rare that we have not all met some of them.

#### ALL THE TIME THEY NEED

THEY DO their full day's work, more of it than many do, yet give the impression that they have not as much to do as all that, and that they have all the time they want for fun and leisure. They do not make their family feel there is a galley slave creaking and groaning down

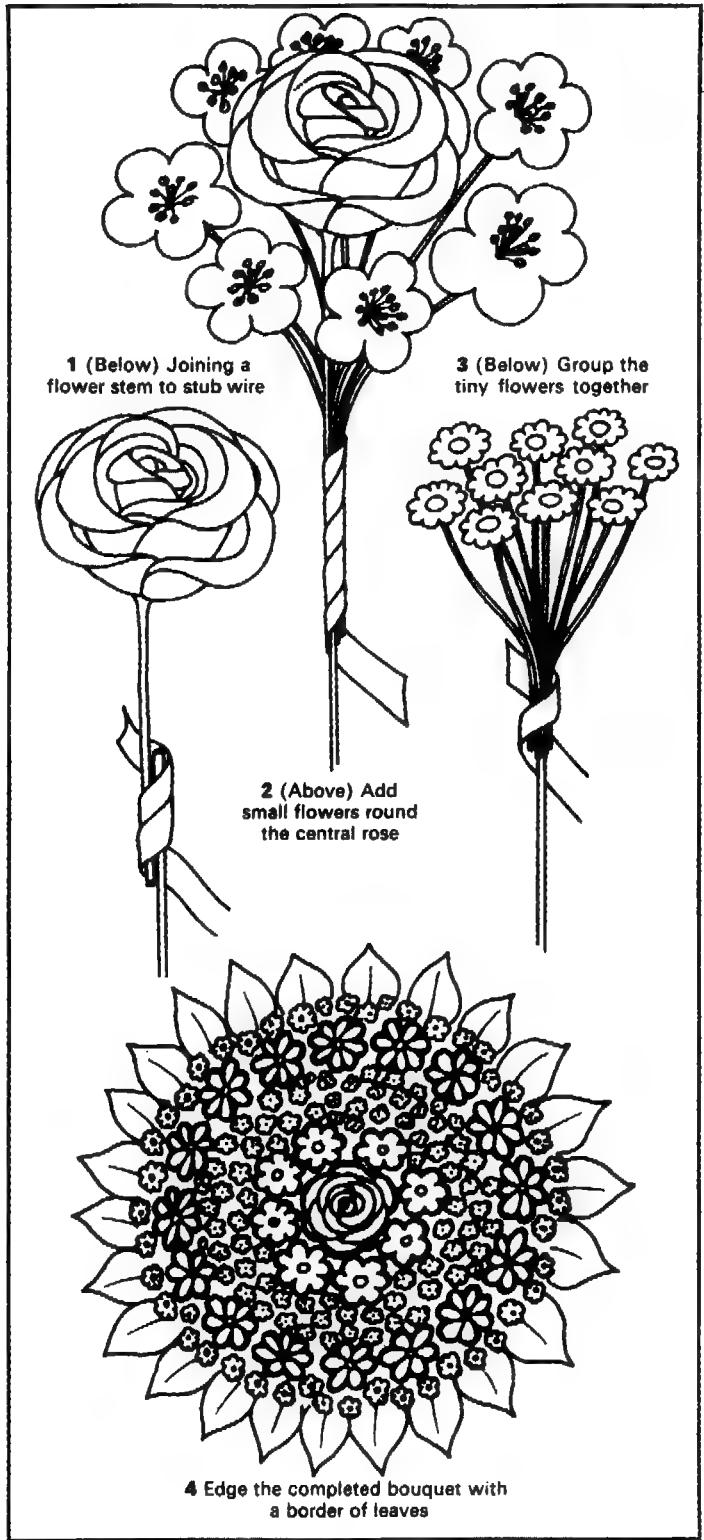
below at the oars, while all others are sailing smoothly along up on deck. They take themselves for granted as doing the work they have elected to do, and so are not always self-pitying, looking out to see if others are taking them for granted. And they manage to make those others believe that they are happy in their work. And nobody truly knows the half of it.

If you are an unexpected guest at a meal in the home of one of these women, your hostess performs miracles in the kitchen, and you feel that she enjoys the challenge and that the pleasure of your company is worth much more than any extra work entailed. In the office as in the home, they will meet an emergency without fuss or complaint, giving extra time and effort if needed without a martyred air. And, if called upon to do some chore for friend or neighbour or the community, they may refuse, for good reason. But if they undertake that chore, they manage to make those they do it for believe it really is no trouble for them, and even that it would be a pleasure to do that sewing or cooking or whatever the job entails, because they have time on their hands and welcome this way of filling it.

The Lord, they say, loves a cheerful giver. And though we should be ever mindful of the need for showing appreciation, we all love the cheerful worker, if the work is being done on our behalf, or at our behest; those people who do so much for us which nobody knows about, except them alone.

# BOUQUETS TO KEEP

Use the prettiest artificial flowers to make a wedding bouquet (plus posies for the bridesmaids) that you can keep for ever. Or try your hand at creating roses from ribbons, for a stunning table display, or to add the finishing touch to a gift



**WITH AN EYE** for colour and very little skill you can make a bridal bouquet or a pretty posy for the bridesmaid, using artificial flowers (the kind sold for decorating hats). We used fabric flowers by The Home of Sewing—these are available from most House of Fraser stores.

## CHOOSING YOUR FLOWERS

Choose medium and small artificial flowers to match and accentuate the colours of the bridesmaids' dresses, with a few white ones, too.

The bride's bouquet looks best predominantly white, with touches of colour to link it to the bridesmaids' dress colours.

To get the right shades you may have to buy tiny clusters of flowers. Pull these apart gently and use the flowers separately as you need them. You will find that any leaves are useful to decorate the outer edge of the bouquet. Some of these small flower clusters have green fronds included, and these look very pretty wired here and there into your bouquets.

## WHAT YOU NEED

A selection of fabric flowers  
12 mm ( $\frac{1}{2}$  in.) wide satin ribbon—  
about 1.50 m (1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yd.) for each  
bouquet

Gutta percha or floral wrap (from  
a friendly local florist)

Stub wires

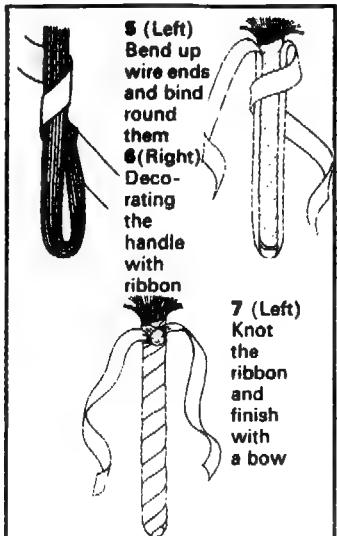
Copydex.

## HOW TO MAKE THE BASIC BOUQUET

We made the bride's bouquet about 20 cm (8 in.) in diameter, the chief bridesmaid's about 15 cm (6 in.) in diameter, and a child's posy about 10 cm (4 in.) across.

Start with a medium-sized central flower—we found a rose was ideal. Pull the wire stem out straight. Cut a 15 cm (6 in.) length of stub wire and bind this to the rose stem with floral wrap (see diagram 1).

Choose your next row of flowers and, using about eight of them, place them in a circle around the rose; then bind their stems on to the long central wire (see diagram 2).



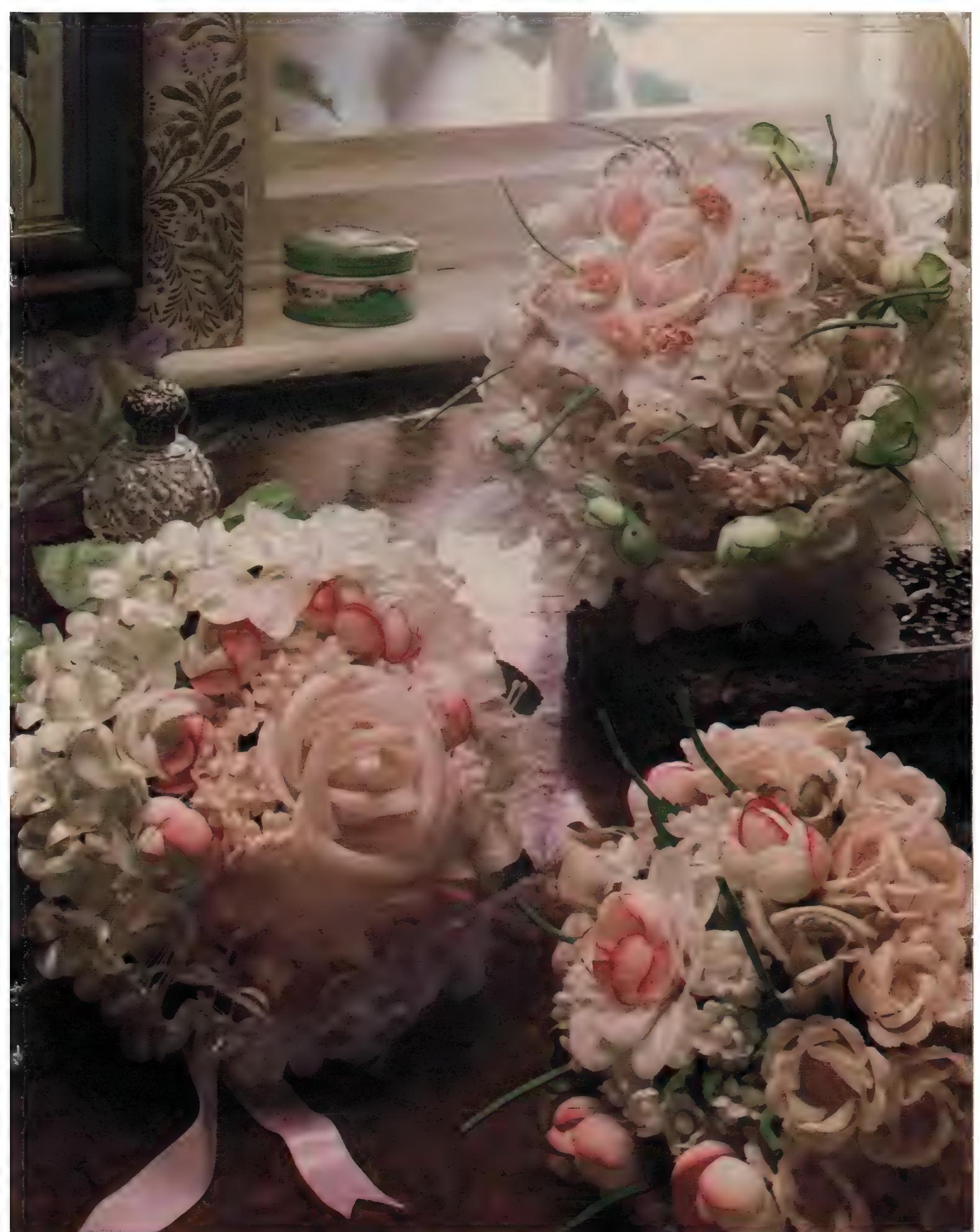
Tiny flowers are best grouped in clusters of about six, and then bound on to a long wire (see diagram 3). Small flowers can be grouped in twos and threes on to a single long wire.

Continue adding circles of flowers, alternating the sizes and colours in each row, until your bouquet reaches the required size (see diagram 4). Bind some floral wrap round the stems each time you complete a whole circle, to hold each stage in place firmly.

The final circle can be either white or green leaves, to make a pretty scalloped edge.

Now bend up the ends of the wires to make the finished handle, about 10 cm (4 in.) long, and bind round this tightly with floral wrap to completely cover the bare wire (see diagram 5).

The next step is to decorate the handle with ribbon. Following diagram 6, take the ribbon down the length of the handle and up the other side, leaving about 20 cm (8 in.) of ribbon free at the beginning, to tie later. Now wind the ribbon round and round down the handle, glueing here and there with Copydex to stop it from slipping. When you reach the end, wind the ribbon round a couple of times, then twist it back up the handle to the top (see diagram 7). Knot the two free ends together and finish with a bow. Leave the ends loose and cut a V shape in each. *Continued overleaf*





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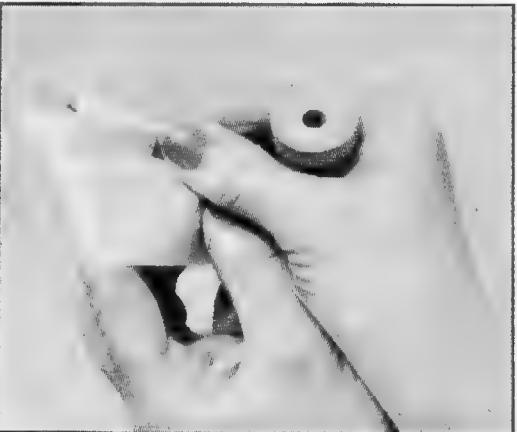
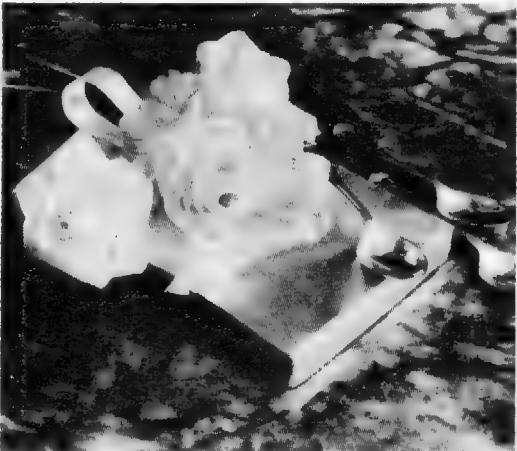
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# BOUQUETS TO KEEP

Continued

PERFECT LONG-STEMMED ROSES are usually associated in our thoughts with happy events—weddings, anniversaries, birthdays. But it's possible to enjoy expensive-looking roses in your flower arrangements at any time of the year. The only difference is that these roses are made from ribbon! Once they're arranged with fresh foliage, the only thing lacking in these long-lived flowers is scent.

Ribbon roses are quite easy to make once you have had a little practice, and you can make a whole bouquet in an evening.



1 To form a petal, bring ribbon round in a soft fold . . .



2 . . . And bind the base of the petal in place with wire.



### FOR EACH ROSE YOU NEED

71 cm (28 in.) of ribbon, 3 cm (1½ in.) wide, in any appropriate colour (florists' ribbon is excellent as it is good and crisp). Florists' gutta percha, or pale green crêpe paper (the latter is slightly more difficult to use).

Stub wires (choose a rather thick wire, of the required length—very long wires can be cut down).

A reel of fine florists' wire (or fine fuse wire).

### MAKING A RIBBON ROSE

Take one stub wire and bend over one end for about 12 mm (½ in.), and cover this end with gutta percha to make your flower's green centre.

Now take the ribbon, shiny side out, and wind it softly but fairly tightly round this covered end piece, three or four times. This makes a little, close-petaled centre to the rose. With the fine wire in your right hand, bind the base of these petals firmly and strongly into place.

Take the free ribbon in your left hand and bring it forward to form a larger petal—see picture 1. Bind the petal firmly in place at its base, as shown in picture 2.

Constantly turning the flower in a clockwise direction as you go, continue to create new petals until the flower is as large as you want. As you work towards the outside of the flower, make the petals slightly larger so that the finished effect is of a perfect opening rose with a tight centre.

Bind in the last petal, cut the ribbon. Neaten up the back of the flower, carefully covering all the binding wire with gutta percha, carrying this on down the stem so that it is covered, using an easy, round-and-round movement.

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Eva Reuber Staier, Miss World 1970.



Eva Reuber Staier, Miss World 1970, now featuring in the new James Bond film "The Spy Who Loved Me" explains why she uses Astral, the simple moisturising cream.

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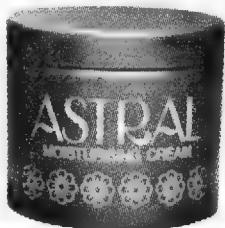
#### Astral is the light moisturising cream.

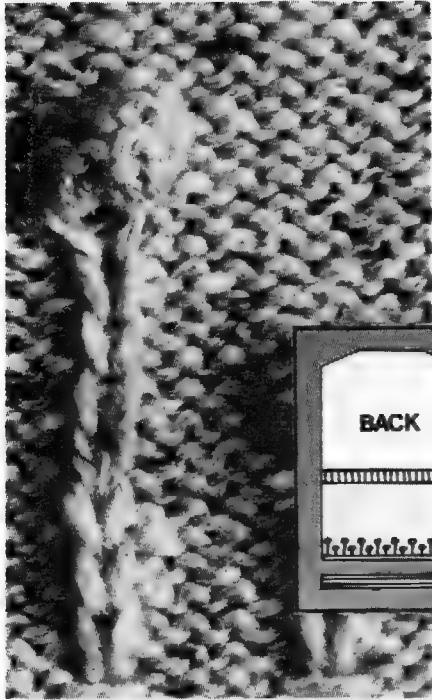
It's not greasy or sticky. The pure, simple ingredients in Astral are specially lightly whipped.

So it feels pleasant on your skin, sinks in quickly, without feeling greasy or sticky. It just leaves a soft, fresh complexion.

The answer to a beautiful complexion is simple.

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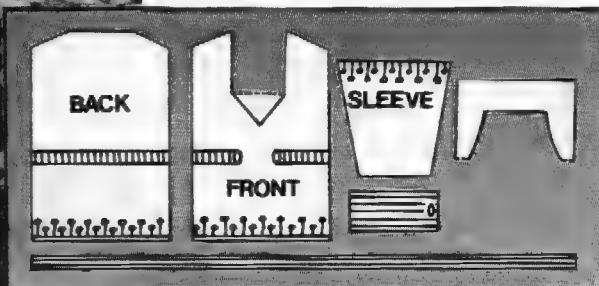




# MIXED SPICE

Sheer inspiration for this unusual tunic-look overblouse with its clever drawstring waist and fashionable drop shoulderline. Knitted in reverse stocking stitch with bobble effect in a gorgeous tweedy yarn, it's bound to be a hot favourite this season

## Instructions in 4 sizes



Rich, warm tweedy flecks from which to choose are honey; green; nutmeg; oatmeal and brown.

**MATERIALS:** Allow the following quantities in 50 g balls of Patons Bracken Tweed Double Knitting: 12 balls for 81 cm size; 13 balls for 86 cm size; 14 balls for 91 cm size; 15 balls for 97 cm size. For any one size: a pair each of No. 8 and No. 10 knitting needles; 2 buttons.

**TENSION:** Work at a tension of 21 stitches and 30 rows to measure 10×10 cm, over the reversed stocking stitch, using No. 8 needles, to obtain the measurements given below.

**ABBREVIATIONS:** To be read before working: K., knit plain; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase (by working twice into same st.); dec., decrease (by working 2 sts. tog.); garter st. is k. plain on every row; r.s.s., reversed stocking st. (p. on the right side and k. on the wrong side); k. 1d., k. 1 down (k. into next st. one row below st. on needle); M.B., make bobble thus: (k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1 all into next st., turn, k. 5, turn, p. 5, slip 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th sts. over 1st st.); single rib is k. 1 and p. 1 alternately.

**NOTE:** The instructions are given for the 81 cm (32 inch) size. Where they vary, work the figures within the first brackets for the 86 cm (34 inch) size; work the figures within the second brackets for the 91 cm (36 inch) size, and so on.

**THE BACK:** With No. 10 needles cast on 95 (101) (105) (111) sts. and garter st. 3 rows.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in pattern as follows:

1st row (right side): P. 2 (5) (2) (5), \* k. 1d., p. 4; repeat from \* until 3 (6) (3) (6) sts. remain, k. 1d., p. 2 (5) (2) (5).

2nd row: K. 2 (5) (2) (5), \* p. 1, k. 4; repeat from \* until 3 (6) (3) (6) sts. remain, p. 1, k. 2 (5) (2) (5).

3rd to 10th rows: Repeat 1st and 2nd rows, 4 times.

11th row: P. 2 (5) (2) (5), \* M.B., p. 4, k. 1d., p. 4; repeat from \* until 3 (6) (3) (6) sts. remain, M.B., p. 2 (5) (2) (5).

12th row: K. 7 (10) (7) (10), \* p. 1, k. 9; repeat from \* until 8 (11) (8) (11) sts. remain, p. 1, k. 7 (10) (7) (10).

13th row: P. 7 (10) (7) (10), \* k. 1d., p. 9; repeat from \* until 8 (11) (8) (11) sts. remain, k. 1, p. 7 (10) (7) (10).

14th to 18th rows: Repeat 12th and 13th rows, twice, then work 12th row again.

19th row: P. 7 (10) (7) (10), \* M.B., p. 9; repeat from \* until 8 (11) (8) (11) sts. remain, M.B., p. 7 (10) (7) (10).

Next row: All k., increasing 1 st. at each end on the 91 cm (36 inch) and 97 cm (38 inch) sizes only—95 (101) (107) (113) sts.

Beginning with a p. row, r.s.s. 44 rows. \*\*

Change to No. 10 needles and, beginning odd-numbered rows with k. 1 and even-numbered rows with p. 1, work 14 rows in single rib for waist band.

Change to No. 8 needles and r.s.s. 42 (46) (46) (50) rows. Mark each end of the last row with a coloured thread to denote end of side seam.

R.s.s. a further 72 (72) (76) (76) rows.

To slope the shoulders: Cast off 6 (7) (7) (8) sts. at the beginning of each of the next 8 rows and 9 (7) (10) (8) sts. at the beginning of each of the following 2 rows.

Cast off remaining 29 (31) (31) (33) sts.

**THE FRONT:** Work as given for back to \*\*.

To work belt slot: Next row: Change to No. 10 needles, k. 2, \* p. 1, k. 1; repeat from \* 15 (16) (17) (18) times, k. 1, turn and continue on these 35 (37) (39) (41) sts. only for the left half front, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

The left half front: 1st row: K. 1, \* p. 1, k. 1; repeat from \* 16 (17) (18) (19) times.

Rib a further 11 rows. Break yarn. Leave sts. on a spare needle.

With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, rejoin yarn to inner end of sts. on spare needle, p. across the first 25 (27) (29) (31) sts., turn and work on these sts. only for centre front.

The centre front: R.s.s. 12 rows. Break yarn. Leave sts. on a spare needle.

The right half front: With right side of work facing, rejoin yarn to remaining 35 (37) (39) (41) sts.

1st row: K. 2, \* p. 1, k. 1; repeat from \* 15 (16) (17) (18) times, k. 1.

2nd row: K. 1, \* p. 1, k. 1; repeat from \* 16 (17) (18) (19) times.

Rib a further 12 rows. Using same needle, k. across centre 25 (27) (29) (31) sts., then rib across remaining 35 (37) (39) (41) sts. on spare needle—95 (101) (107) (113) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and r.s.s. 18 (16) (16) (14) rows.

The garter st. neck: 1st row: P. 47 (50) (53) (56), k. 1—centre st.—p. to end.

2nd and every alternate row: All k.

3rd row: P. 46 (49) (52) (55), k. 3, p. to end.

5th row: P. 45 (48) (51) (54), k. 5, p. to end. 7th row: P. 44 (47) (50) (53), k. 7, p. to end.

Work a further 22 (24) (24) (26) rows, working 2 sts. more in garter st. on each right-side row when there will be 29 (31) (33) sts. in garter st. at centre.

Now divide sts. for front neck: Next row: K. 47 (50) (53) (56), cast off next—centre st.—k. to end.

The left front shoulder: Next row: P. 33 (35) (38) (40) sts., turn and working on these sts. only, r.s.s. 65 (69) (73) (77) sts.

To slope the shoulder: Cast off 6 (7) (7) (8) sts. at the beginning of the next row and the 3 following alternate rows.

On 9 (7) (10) (8) sts., work 1 row, then cast off.

The right front shoulder: With right side of work facing, slip the centre 28 (30) (30) (32) sts. on to a stitch-holder, rejoin yarn to next st., then p. to end of row.

Beginning with a k. row, r.s.s. a further 66 (70) (74) (78) rows.

Slope shoulder as given for left front.

The left revers: With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, rejoin yarn to centre 28 (30) (30) (32) sts. on stitch-holder and, k. 14 (15) (15) (16) of these sts., turn.

Work 9 rows in garter st.

Inc. 1 st. at beginning—read end here when working right revers—of the next row and the 12 following 6th rows—27 (28) (28) (29) sts.

Continued overleaf

### MEASUREMENTS

	in centimetres (and inches, in brackets)			
Suitable for bust sizes	81 (32)	86 (34)	91 (36)	97 (38)
Side seam	40·5 (16)	41·5 (16½)	41·5 (16½)	43 (17)
Length	67·5 (26½)	69 (27½)	70 (27½)	71·5 (28½)
Sleeve seam, with cuff turned back	48·5 (19)	48·5 (19)	48·5 (19)	48·5 (19)





# FAVOURITES OF THE FUTURE

Make it a colourful Jubilee Year by growing some of these fascinating new flowers from seed, says JOY SIMMONS

IT SEEMS only a few months ago that we were choosing new seeds for 1976 and now here we are wondering what the seedsmen have to offer for the Queen's Silver Jubilee Year!

An outstanding new half-hardy annual variety is the gorgeous hybrid Zinnia Pink Ruffles from seedsmen Samuel Dobie. In a lovely shade of blush pink, the fully double flowers borne on strong stems 60-75 cm (2-2½ ft.) high are certainly a 'must' in my garden; for apart from the unusual colouring, the plants have proved to put up a grand show even in bad weather.

From the same 'stable' we have a low-growing Oriental Poppy, *Papaver Allegro Vivace*, 40 cm (16 in.) high. A perennial, this is something many of us have been waiting for, as in small gardens the tall Orientals tend to fall about unless carefully staked. *Allegro Vivace* is particularly showy, the orange-scarlet blooms measuring as much as 15 cm (6 in.) across. Unfortunately, this novelty will not be able to take part in the Jubilee celebrations, for seed sown this summer will not produce flowering plants until 1978.

Another perennial I intend trying is the Hybrid Miniature Hemerocallis (Thomas Butcher), which produces many small flowers on plants 30-60 cm (1-2 ft.) high, in a rich range of colours.

Two half-hardy annuals from W. J. Unwin that are likely to fit in well with Jubilee bedding schemes are *Ageratum Biscay*, a rich gentian-blue, and the powder blue *Ageratum Blue Tango*. Both are early-flowering, uniform in habit, compact and sturdy, growing 15 cm (6 in.) high. Team *Biscay* up with the new Dwarf Bedding *Aster Scarlet*, 15 cm (6 in.) or the new flame-red *Nasturtium Red Roulette* together with the *Lobelia White Lady* and you have a really patriotic bed!

## BRIGHT MARIGOLDS

Still with small gardens in mind, the seedsmen are offering a dwarf *Calendula Fiesta Gitana* (Unwins, Dobies, Suttons, Marshall of Wisbech, Butchers). This hardy Marigold, which grows 30 cm (1 ft.) high with masses of double and semi-double blooms in cream, yellow, orange and tangerine colourings, is bound to become a winner.

Another beauty is the half-hardy African Marigold, medium-height, clear yellow F1 Hybrid Primrose Lady from Dobies with huge ball-shaped flowers 9 cm (3½ in.) across.

I find some names chosen for flowers a little odd. However, I'm sure the new *Helichrysum Hot Bikini* (Suttons, Dobies, Butchers, Unwins, Marshalls) will find a place in most of our gardens this year! A grand new dwarf variety, the flowers are double, bright scarlet with yellow centres, the plants as decorative for bedding as the everlasting flowers are for using in winter arrangements.

Also half-hardy, and excellent for bedding, are the double multiflora F1 Hybrid

Right: Zinnia Pink Ruffles.  
Photo: Samuel Dobie.



Nasturtium Red Roulette.  
Photo: Hurst Garden Photo

*Petunia Delight* in self and bi-colours, outstanding for its earliness and uniformity; *Verbena Springtime*, again early-flowering, large-bloomed, in red, pink and white colourings (Suttons); an eye-catching *Zinnia Candy Cane* with red and white striped fully double blooms 10 cm (4 in.) across (Thompson & Morgan), a salmon-scarlet, large-flowered *Impatiens* (*Busy Lizzie*) *Miss Swiss* from Unwins, and from Dobies a lovely variety for a hanging basket, *Impatiens Elfin Red*.

For the *Geranium* (*Pelargonium*) lovers, we have a number of new varieties. In the *Del Greco* series, exclusive to Suttons, there is a pure white, *Susan*, a light salmon, *Sarah*, and a deep salmon with zoned foliage, *Stella*, all completely uniform in habit at 30-35 cm (12-14 in.) high. Unwins have come up with an early-flowering rose-pink called *Showgirl*, together with a salmon-pink, *Cherie*, with zoned foliage; while Dobies and Unwins are both offering the bright scarlet F1 Hybrid *Ringo* with deeply zoned leaves. If sown early, the plants of the latter will flower this year.

There are several new *Cyclamen*, too, among them *Cyclamen Striped* (Thomas Butcher) with blooms striped and splashed in darker shades; an early-flowering F1 Hybrid, deliciously scented white variety with purple eye called *Merry Widow*; *Rose-munde*, a large-flowered rose-pink, and an early, compact, white-flowered beauty *Swan Lake*, with marbled foliage (Unwins).

A new early-flowering *Primula obconica*, *La Scala* (Suttons), with large blooms opening creamy-white and turning a lovely reddish-apricot, is worth adding to the greenhouse or conservatory collection also.

We always expect at least a few new



*Sweet Peas* from Unwins. This year there are four sweetly-scented beauties—a large-flowered, clear rose-pink with white base named after Colin Unwin's daughter, *Sally Unwin*; *Blue Mantle*, a really large, delightfully frilled deep violet-blue; *Salmon Frills*, which improves rather than fades in hot sun; and *Whisper*, lavender-lilac on cream.

Novelties from Suttons include *Sweet Pea Elisabeth Collins*, a beautiful rose-red variety with white flush at the base; and *Cream Beauty* with large, very frilled blooms. Or if you prefer a hedge-like *Sweet Pea*, Dobies' *Little Elf*, prettily waved, in assort'd shades, would be a good choice.

Wild flowers for scattering in semi-wild borders are becoming increasingly popular nowadays. I will certainly be trying seed offered by Thomas Butcher. Packets of dwarf annuals and perennials, semi-dwarf annuals and perennials, and tall annuals and perennials are available at 25p per packet.

## SEEDSMEN'S ADDRESSES

Thomas Butcher Ltd., 60 Wickham Road, Shirley, Croydon, Surrey CR9 8AG.

Samuel Dobie & Son Ltd., Upper Dee Mills, Llangollen, Clwyd LL20 8SD.

S. E. Marshall & Co. Ltd., Wisbech, Cambridgeshire PE13 2RF.

Suttons Seeds Ltd., Hele Road, Torquay TQ2 7QJ.

Thompson & Morgan, London Road, Ipswich, Suffolk IP2 0BA.

W. J. Unwin Ltd., Histon, Cambridge CB4 4LE.

Some of the seeds mentioned will be on sale at shops and garden centres. Dobies' seeds must be ordered direct from the above address.

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## PLACES OF QUIET PLEASURE

IT'S THE ONLY place I know where you can buy a season ticket for icecream. Which is very good news if you happen to be travelling with a three-year-old—and one of the reasons why I remember the summer pleasures of Kristiansand with affection. But the day I think of with most particular delight, the day which will long hold place in a happy treasure-chest of memories, wasn't really an icecream day at all. It happened to be one of last summer's rare days of total downpour, grey, unremitting, relentless in its wetness. \*

On board a sturdy little motor cruiser heavily weighed down with bottles of fiery *aquavit*, ice-cold lager and kilos of fresh prawns, pink from the boiling-pot, fat, succulent and so newly translated from fjord waters to the giant platters set before us that at least there must have been no time for any tearful goodbyes, we sailed out of Kristiansand's harbour to discover the skerried beauty of Norway's south coast. Even the rain streaming down the glass windows failed totally to spoil the tranquil loveliness of those deep, gently running fjord waters and rock-bound islets and shores colour-splashed with brightly-painted little clapboard summer houses. And the more the rain teemed down outside, the livelier the party atmosphere at our prawn feast grew. Owls and pussycats may prefer to sail away with honey and fiver-wrapped money but none of us on board could imagine finer accompanying delights than prawns, fresh bread, *aquavit* and beer.

The whole occasion was so typical of the sort of spontaneous, spur-of-the-moment fun that seems to happen agreeably often when in Norwegian company that I thought, for the umpteenth time, what a splendid holiday country it is. I wish I could also say what tempting prices it offers but there is, regrettably, no way of denying that it is not at present a cheap country for the British—though what your money buys in the way of comfortable accommodation, good food and lovely goodies from the shops' exciting arrays of Norwegian knitteds and sealskin, painted wood, pewterware and superb jewellery is undoubtedly excellent value. The scenery is magnificent, ranging from the dramatic beauty of the western fjords to that gentler but no less pleasing landscape I discovered in the south. And the bonus of meeting a race of such friendly, welcoming and fun-loving people is to my mind priceless. Norway is indeed one of my best-loved places of pleasure.

Betty Jones discovers the special delights of holidaymaking amid the beauty of fjords, lakes and mountains

Set in a valley more than 2,000 feet above sea level and dominated by the stark beauty of the Wilder Kaiser mountains, lies the picturesque, lively Tyrolean resort of Kitzbühel, another of my special favourites and a place I can happily return to again and again when in the mood for alpine pleasures. I love the elegant sophistication of its winter face but, when the snow melts and a myriad of

tiny flowers bursts proudly through to pattern the green carpet of meadows and mountain slopes, when the soft-eyed cows leave the snugness of their winter quarters to feel a warm sun on their pale gold hides and make the tinkling of their cow-bells an inseparable part of the summer scene the sophistication is transformed into a simpler, irresistible charm.

I love to wander round the town that sprawls on either side of the colourful main street and still retains an aura of medieval days with its gabled houses, old stone buildings and doorways, 'city' walls and pretty churches. I love taking the cablecar up the Hahnenkamm or the Kitzbüheler Horn to walk in the mountains and eat lunch at one of the mountain restaurants. I love the late tea-time scene at Praxmair's, a main centre of social life and setting for many a memorable Tyrolean Evening of folk-dancing and music. And I love dancing in one of the resort's night-spots and late-night conversations over bowls of *gulaschsuppe*—thick, rich and full of paprika-flavoured beef—at one of the wood-panelled *kellers*. Mountain resort pleasures such as these can be enjoyed in a tempting range of places in the Austrian Tyrol, the Swiss Alps and the Italian Dolomites.

Lakeside Lucerne, with its picturesque Old Town of narrow streets and courtyards, dominated by the medieval wooden bridge whose roof is covered with paintings depicting the town's history and the legend of its patron saints, holds another corner of my heart—and specially endeared itself to me one early summer night when, menu-reading outside one of its many inviting restaurants to see which tempted us most, we came across the description: "Boiled Irish Salmon with voluptuous mousse au Gordon's Gin."

Europe's lake resorts, surrounded by impressive mountain beauty, their waters offering the agreeable pastimes of excursioning by boat, swimming, water-sporting and fishing for delicious trout suppers, are a holidaymaker's delight, their overall atmosphere imbued with the promise of quiet pleasure.

## THE WELCOMING LAND

Continued from page 28

an accident. It's that fellow Page. He's unconscious, I think."

"What happened?" Lyn gasped.

"Scott tells me he's out for the count. He's on the ground near the big shed."

"Good heavens!"

Lyn had to delay a minute to find her shoes. One did not walk far without them for fear of the thorns and prickles.

Page . . . unconscious.

**A**LMA HAD run ahead, and Lyn saw her thrust her way past Scott and kneel by Page's body. Someone had switched on the headlights of the car to provide illumination. Alma went down on her knees, the tall, proud girl, and her voice was broken with weeping. "Page! Page, darling . . ."

Neither of the others spoke for a stunned second, and then Scott commented in a strained voice, "He hit his head on the bumper bar."

"How did he fall?"

Lyn was staring, unable to believe it was Alma who was reacting so emotionally.

"The cat, Pusskins," Scott went on. "She was going to the cottage to select herself a bed. She rubbed round Page's legs in the dark and tripped him."

He sounded dazed. Lyn felt helpless. She was shaken to see Alma's naked emotion, and hear the anguish in her voice as she cradled Page in her arms and brushed dust from his fair hair.

"He's coming round." Scott came between Lyn and the beams of light as though to shelter her. "He's knocked out, that's all."

Alma looked up at him, her face drawn. "I tried to tell you, Scott. I wanted to explain to you. We love each other. It was something we couldn't help. The day you left him at Pannawarra, I . . . we realised. We were determined to clear it up this weekend. Page felt he owed Lyn an explanation, and I tried to see you, but you were away when I came over."

Her confidence, her assurance, had deserted her. She was in the grip of an overwhelming emotion and Page, stirring, hearing her pain, said in blurred tones, "Steady, darling. Steady . . ."

Lyn turned away, her heart pounding. She did not dare to look at Scott. How difficult this must be for him! She must leave them alone. She knew the following footsteps were his, but she ignored his call and the anxiety in it.

The cottage was a haven, and this time she undressed swiftly and got into bed.

It was strange to sleep so heavily when she had not expected to sleep at all.

The sun was high next morning and she rolled over, letting the memories come back slowly. She stole a glance at the other bed and saw that Alma was awake and looking towards her.

Alma sat up quickly, as though about to burst into speech, but Lyn was quick to set the tone of the conversation.

"It's all right, Alma. There was nothing serious between Page and me."

"Are you sure?"

Lyn stood up and stretched herself. "Do you think I cared as you do, Alma?" She put on her most carefree face.

"I used to think that you couldn't care much, to keep fending him off the way you did. We tried to forget it, Lyn, honestly."

Lyn laughed. "Forget it? We were

friends . . . Do your parents know?"

A shadow fell across the other girl's face as she said, "My father will be furious. It's not as if he has a son to carry on. He hoped I'd marry a bushman."

"Scott," Lyn said quietly, thinking of his desolation this morning.

"Yes, Scott. Someone who lived on the land."

"Your parents aren't old, Alma. They can carry on for years yet."

"Yes, but then what?" She dressed rapidly, agitated at the thought of upsetting her parents.

Lyn was gentle. "You may have a son who will love the bush life."

Alma began to laugh, too. "You are a comfort, Lyn. I didn't think we'd be talking like this. If only they don't make it too tough for Page—"

"As if he'd be turned aside from his purpose. Give them time. They'll like him."

"I need time myself. Suburban life! Imagine me!"

Lyn smiled and shook her head at her. Alma talked on, finding relief in discussing her plans openly after so long a period of suspense and secrecy. It was the closest she and this girl had ever been to real friendship.

Lyn left her things where they were and went out by the side door, avoiding the front veranda. At the house, a heavy-eyed Nettie lifted saucepans from the rack.

"Now we come back to everyday life," she said.

It seemed that Nettie might have heard the news about Alma and Page, for she studied Lyn keenly for a moment. The episode had been spotlighted in the headlights, Lyn recalled. Possibly there had been

Continued overleaf

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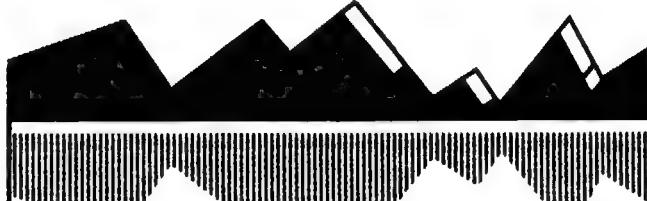
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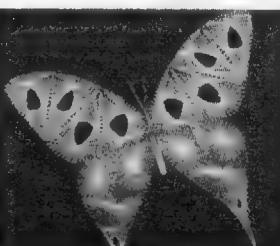
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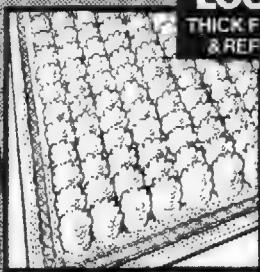
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FLAP B

## THE WELCOMING LAND Continued

left-over débris is dreary, isn't it? I'll start cleaning up. Do you intend to eat now?"

"When Alma comes."

Lyn nodded. "Mr. Gardiner's up, anyway. There he goes, out into the garden."

Page braced himself. "I'll have to face him sooner or later; it may as well be now. Wish me luck, Lyn. I'll need it."

After breakfast, which was a hurried meal, Scott came with the men, and chairs were set back into place, garden seats put into position and the lighting taken down.

The house emptied gradually, and at last only the Gardiners' car stood at the steps, ready for them to drive to Pannawarra.

Mr. Gardiner cleared his throat. "Alma and Page have decided to marry."

Mrs. Gardiner, loyal and with a bright smile on her face, stood by his side. Lyn noticed that he did not say that he was happy to make the announcement but, at least, he gave the semblance of support. Alma would win him over . . .

Scott brought out champagne, and they toasted them and wished them well. "To Alma and Page," he said, lifting his glass.

Over it, he exchanged a long look with Lyn. He is taking it well, she thought, hiding his feelings and doing the right thing.

When they drove away, Mr. Courtland chuckled. "They'll be all right. They'll make a go of it." He stood at the entrance, and looked at his family. "Scott has told you all of his plans? Told you of the arrangement for Minneritchie?"

**L**YN WENT to the cottage, determined to strip the curtains from their temporary hooks at the windows. Dan would fold the beds and they could be stacked in the sheds, and the rooms would be empty again.

Now there would be another year for the gathering of friends. There was hope for a future for the property.

Of her own future she could not think.

Scott spoke from behind her, quietly and with determination. "I knew you would be here in the stone house."

She looked for strain on his face, and was disconcerted to find sympathy. "I'm sorry about Page, Lyn," he began.

"Alma—" she put in faintly.

"It had become a settled, accepted thing. We were thrown together and everyone talked of it as a foregone conclusion."

She had to torment herself with doubts. "You must have cared for her."

"There was no flame, Lyn. No great passion. We both knew it lacked some ingredient."

"It might have come in time." She folded curtains with trembling hands.

He took them from her. "It has to be there, Lyn, but you . . ." He said again, almost with diffidence, "I'm sorry."

She sank to the bed and covered her face with her hands. "I'm an idiot."

He came to sit close and put his arms about her, his touch gentle. "Don't cry!"

She lifted her head. "I'm laughing, Scott. What a silly mix-up! Poor Page, trying to explain and trying to ease his way out of a situation of his own creating. Poor Alma."

He brightened. "You don't mind? You didn't love him, Lyn?"

"I didn't love him, and he knows it."

He studied her face intently, and she felt her breath catch at the expression in his eyes.

"What of Pannawarra?" she murmured. *Continued overleaf*

# How much do you really know about continental quilts?

Are feather fillings as good as down fillings?

Why does the price vary so much?

Why is the channelling so important?

Will I be warm on a very cold night?

## 1 How to choose the right filling for your continental quilt

Like most things - the best is the most expensive! Pure white goose filling is about 5%–10% better than best new duck down, but costs a lot more. Best new duck down is so dreamy light... so soft, it contours your body like a billowy cloud. Once you've experienced the exhilaration of sleeping under a pure new down quilt you'll never want to go back to heavy cramping blankets! Be careful with feather/down fillings. These are usually 85% feathers - and feathers are not nearly as good as down. That's why feather/down quilts can be a lot cheaper. If you want an allergy-free filling, the best is ICI's Terylene P3 because it's a continuous fibre. Our advice is, go for best new down filling. It's a pity to sacrifice the lifetime best for the sake of a few pounds now.



A New China down is as gentle as gossamer, and so light, it will actually float in a current of air.

B Although it's hard to see the difference between down and feather inside a quilt - remember birds have down to keep warm and feathers to fly with. If in doubt ask any of our experts.

## 2 How to make sure your continental quilt will keep you snug and warm—even on the coldest winter's night

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## 3 How to check on the channelling



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## 4 Why must you never buy any continental quilt that isn't made to at least BS 5335?

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## 5 When is the best time to buy?

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# Health and Your Family

Dr. Hugh Alistair  
talks of facial pain

PAIN IN ANY area of the face is different from headache. Face pain is felt to be on the surface, whereas headache is felt to be inside the skull.

Facial pain may be caused by disease involving any of the tissues of the area, skin, muscle, teeth and so on.

A severe pain in the area of the temple is due to inflammation of the 'temporal' artery, which is often visible in a healthy person. In this condition, called 'temporal arteritis', the skin of the area is discoloured bluish, the artery itself is swollen, and tender. It is not beating when felt with the fingers. This illness occurs chiefly in the elderly, and requires urgent treatment.

'Trigeminal' neuralgia is pain in those areas of the face where the branches of the trigeminal nerve run: the temple, cheekbone and lower jaw.

There is also a condition called 'migrainous neuralgia' which causes pain round one eye with the skin swollen and tender. The pain comes in bouts continuing for several weeks, occurs during the night and lasts for up to half an hour.

If a person has had shingles involving the face, then the pain in that area may persist following cure of the shingles.

Sometimes, no obvious cause can be found, but a doctor will always deal with it.

## THE WELCOMING LAND

Continued

"The Gardiners expected her to marry a bushman."

"They'll come to terms with it." He chuckled. "To think of Alma as the wife of a city executive! She'll be in surroundings where Page is the dominant personality." He dismissed it. "Let's talk about us."

His glance sent a sweet intoxication flowing through her body, and she leaned closer.

"I'm listening."

"We haven't talked enough," he confessed. "Right from the beginning there were too many obstacles . . ."

"Too many," she agreed.

"If I had confessed that I was in love with a small girl with brown eyes who stepped from a train and into my heart . . . what would you have said?"

"I probably wouldn't have believed you," she said with her usual candour.

It reduced him to helpless laughter. "I couldn't believe it myself! I had to stand off, trying to find flaws in you, trying to convince myself that a young English girl would never be happy at Minneritchie."

"I wondered why you were so cool in those first days."

"Oh, you noticed, did you?"

"I noticed everything, Scott."

He put a hand masterfully under her elbow. "Come with me."

THEY WALKED through the old garden to the rock ledge, and there he drew her close to him, and his mouth was fierce and demanding as he kissed her.

She felt a wild response surge through her, leaving her weak, unable to resist him.

"Do you believe now that I love you?" he asked, after a long time had passed.

She tried to draw away, but he held her firmly. "I was tied, Lyn. Things were in a hopeless financial muddle. Also there was Page. I couldn't take happiness at another man's expense, and a man who had become a friend." He added roughly, "When the sand cliff fell near the boat, my feelings then warned me that life meant little without you, my darling."

She smiled up at him and her voice was ragged. "But there were Alma and Page . . ."

"At that time they were hating each other, and trying not to admit that they were attracted."

"What will your family say?" she asked.

He grinned. "They'll have the champagne ready when we go back. Isn't it lucky that Jennifer and Owen are here to share the celebration?" Then his face clouded again. "What do I offer you, my love? A battle to get the place on its feet. A ready-made family tacked on, and a derelict old house to live in."

She was firm. "Don't you dare refer to the family, or the house, in those terms."

"Then you don't refuse to marry me?"

"You haven't asked me yet, Scott."

He watched her small, loving face, and his expression was exultant and tender. "Will you marry me, Lyn," he asked, "and live at Minneritchie with me?"

She replied solemnly, "In good times and in bad, Scott. In droughts and when the water comes. Minneritchie always seemed to welcome me. It's my land, too, now."

THE END

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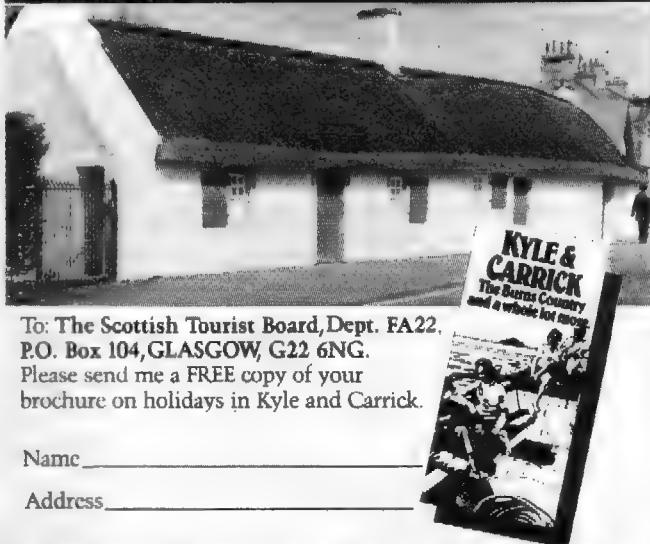
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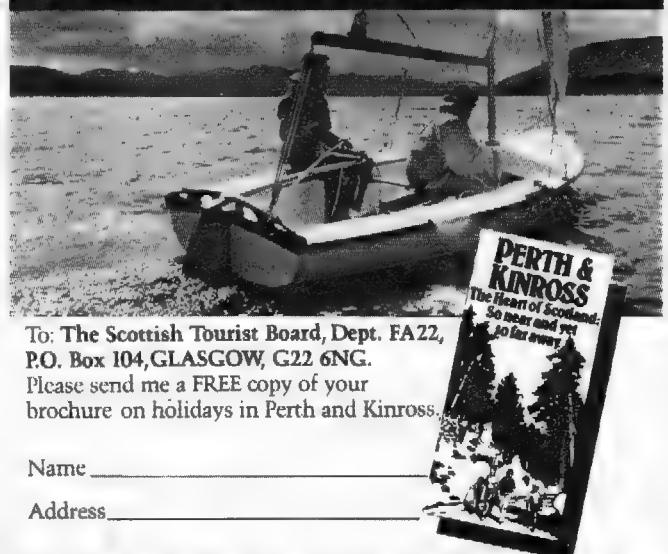
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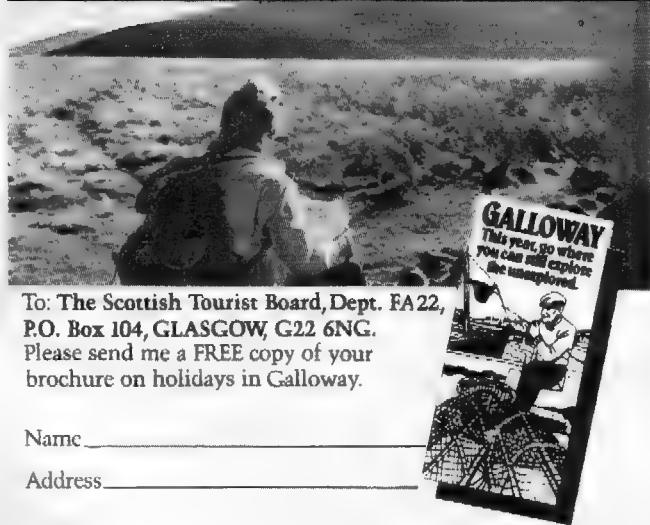
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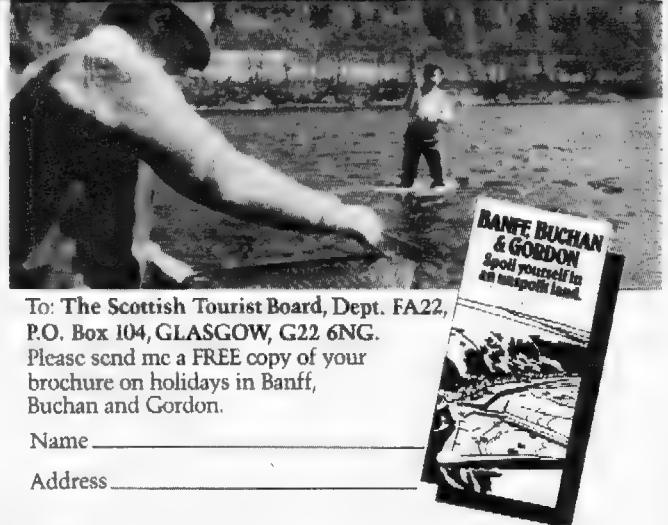
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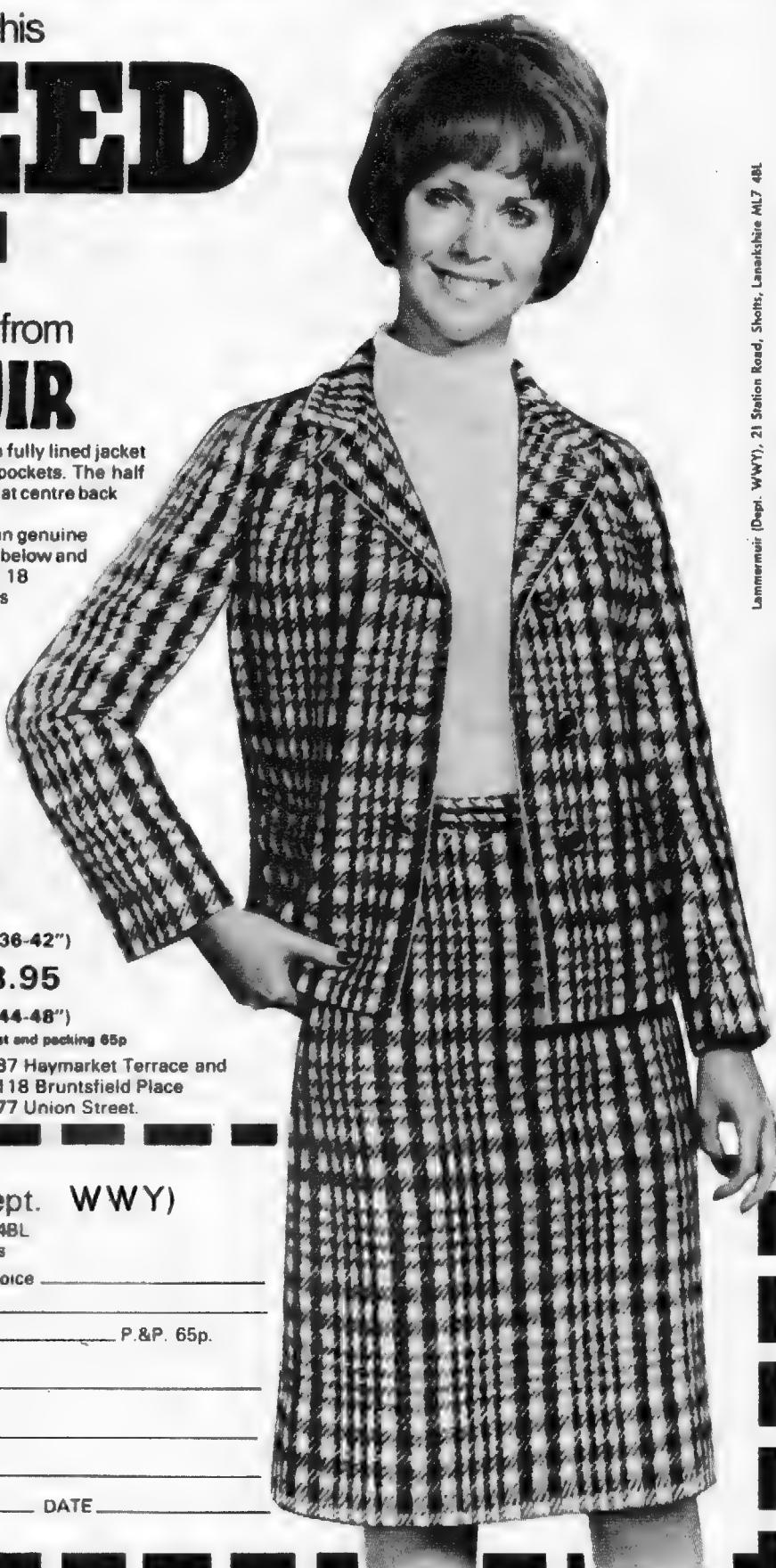
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weighing down the shrubs, obliterating the almond blossom and all but the sturdiest of the budding daffodils.

At first, the old childish delight at seeing the garden and countryside under a blanket of untrdden snow held sway with Sarah. The snowflakes floating so softly past the window often drew her from her desk, half-hypnotised, to watch the shrubs disappearing into rounded humps, the boughs of the conifers bending with the weight of snow, sometimes precipitating small avalanches when the wind stirred them, and the bird-bath becoming more and more like a gigantic ice cream cornet. When the sun came out, the trees cast steely blue shadows across the snow.

She watched the blackbird who came for the crumbs she threw out, his feathers puffed out for warmth, his orange beak bright against the prevailing whiteness. He was joined by others, robins, starlings, timid thrushes. She would watch until the characters of her book stole into the scene, and she pictured the children's delight in playing in the snow, heard their voices, and was drawn back to her desk.

But after the first few days, the unchanging whiteness began to pall and the inconvenience of getting about began to tell. Clearing the path every day, slithering round the cottage to fetch coal and logs, forging her way to Marilyn Manor and shopping for Mrs. Pilsen on the way, became, after the first exhilarating challenge, a mere slog, and she longed for the rich variety of nature to emerge from the white blanket which had reduced it all to one sameness.

A cold which developed towards the end of the week increased her disenchantment with the snow, and by the time the wind changed to the kindly south-west and brought a thaw, she was feeling tired and looking, as Paul Rannock put it, decidedly peaky.

"It's the aftermath of the cold. It was a brute. I usually throw them off much quicker than that."

"I've a suggestion to make, my dear. Simon looked in last night and told me that he was going down to Cornwall next month. Katie had asked him to advise her friend Max on converting an old cottage he'd bought down there for a holiday home. Their repertory company is having two months' break, and Katie and Max are going to spend a week or two at an hotel near the cottage. Katie wants Simon to stay on there over Easter. It should be very pleasant in Cornwall in April, and I want you to allow me to give you a little holiday there. Would it appeal?"

"Very much. But . . ."

"No buts. It would be a very small thank you for all you do for me, my dear. And it would please me very much if you would agree."

"How can I refuse, then?" she said, smiling at him. "It's a lovely prospect, and I shall look forward to it. Thank you for thinking of it. But you'll be alone at Easter."

"Alison and Don and Debbie are coming for the weekend, which reminds me to ask you if you'll buy an Easter egg for me for Debbie. A very taking little girl, that."

"Of course. Will Simon like the idea? Of my going to Cornwall with him, I mean."

"He thought it a splendid idea. Katie's

# Your letters to Matron

Matron's helpful guidance is at every mother's service. Write to her at our address on page 6, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

## NOT ALLOWED!

*I believe my son, who is nearly two, does certain things just to annoy me. One of them is putting small stones into his mouth whenever he gets a chance. I have tried slapping him, but he is soon at it again.*

Every toddler has to learn that certain things are allowed and certain others are not. Putting stones and other small objects into the mouth can be highly dangerous and should be flatly forbidden right from the start. Even if he cannot talk much, your little son is sure to understand a great deal of what you say, so next time he wants to eat a stone, say to him very firmly, "No! Stones are nasty. We don't eat stones. Stones make you ill. Mummy will give you some apple or orange to eat, which is nice. But *not* stones—no!"

Make sure that among his playthings your son has some safe non-toxic toys he can chew at if he wants to.

## IMPORTANT EXAMINATION

*At the hospital where my baby was born, I was told by the doctor to go back for a post-natal examination when my little girl was six weeks old. She is getting on well and I feel so fit myself—do you think it is really necessary? They are always very busy at the hospital and I don't like troubling them.*

The post-natal examination is something very important that every new mother is entitled to. So, however fit and well you feel, I strongly advise you to go back to the hospital for your check-up, just to make absolutely sure that everything is perfectly in order. Not only this, but hospitals always like to see patients for a final visit so that they can mark up their records accordingly. By going at the appropriate time, you will not only be helping yourself but you will help the hospital also.

already booked his accommodation at the hotel, so I shall telephone them this evening and book a room for you. That's settled then."

They resumed work on his memoirs, now well into the last quarter, for he had been working with more urgency lately. Sarah, touched by his kindness, was delighted at the prospect of a spring holiday in Cornwall with Simon, and as she walked home that evening she pictured the Cornish cliffs and coves, anticipated the pleasure of relaxing there in the company of the man who filled her thoughts more and more as the days lengthened and the sun rose higher in the sky.

Her heart lifted as she felt the soft, mild air on her face after the rigours of the past weeks and saw the catkins on the hazel trees swinging gold above the hedgerow. The first tiny leaves starred the hawthorn



## WHEN MAKING A COT

*My husband is making a cot for our coming baby. I have been told that the cot bars should be close together to prevent a child from getting its head stuck between them. Could you tell us how far apart, please?*

The space between the bars of the cot your husband is making should not be greater than three inches or approximately 7.50 centimetres. The British Standards Institution is revising cot safety standards. You may wish to consult your health visitor for advice before making the cot, so that you can be quite sure of keeping in line with these regulations.

with green, and she found celandines blooming at the foot of the hedge. No matter what nasty tricks the weather might play, March, she thought, was the month of hope, when the country came awake.

It seemed as though Piper shared her mood, for as she approached the cottage he leapt out of the hedge as though pouncing on prey, stopped suddenly and butted her legs, then raced down the lane ahead of her, leapt from the gate as though gravity played no part in his life, and chased madly round the lilac tree, stopping suddenly to pat with a gentle, tentative paw something he had seen in the grass.

Investigating, Sarah found a small snail. Smiling, she swept Piper up into her arms, where he lay quite peacefully on his back, paws hanging limp, gazing up at her with clear green eyes. His

*Continued overleaf*



The charming little church at Witley in Surrey.

created all things for His pleasure (Revelation 4:11), and no one makes anything without a reason.

God is different from us, there is no limit to His love or His knowledge, as there is with us. He is infinite, which means that His love and wisdom are boundless and that in His sight the distinction, which we make between the small and great and the trivial and significant, disappear. I am no longer lost in the universe—I can speak to Him about the smallest details of my life, for what concerns me also concerns Him.

Jesus understood this, for it was the very basis of His teaching, and in an amazing way He showed those He met that they were important to Him, almost as if at the time no one else existed. He said that not even a sparrow fell without His Father's knowledge (St. Matthew 10:29) so we can be sure that we are included in His infinite love.

In a world which strives to curtail our individuality, it is necessary to know that each of us is of value to God and always in His care, saving us from being overwhelmed by the size of the universe.

## HIS INFINITE LOVE

We may often feel lost and insignificant, says  
Canon R. C. Stephens, but in God's  
eyes we are all as important as one another

I THINK it must have been the landing of a space-craft on Mars which made me specially conscious of the vastness of the universe, and I wondered whether I could have any place in it. I thought of the millions of people who have lived, are living now and will be born in the future, and felt completely lost in such a multitude. My tiny personal world seemed swallowed up in such immensity and forced

me to ask, "Why am I here? Why was I born? Is there any meaning in life?" Yet in spite of my questioning, there is in me that something which makes me want to believe that I do matter. Then I remembered the words of the Psalmist, "When I consider Thy heavens . . . the stars. . . . What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" (Psalm 8:3-4). And I saw that he found his answer in God. Who

### A DISTANT SONG Continued

mercurial changes of mood never ceased to fascinate her, and the games he played revealed a vivid imagination which she was sure surpassed that of any other member of his tribe.

"It's spring, Piper," she murmured, laying her cheek against the soft fur of his head as she carried him up the path. "Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

WITH PIPER left to the care of Mrs. Murcia, and the garden given over to Jeff Murcia, Sarah packed her case with a blithe heart.

Simon was picking her up early, to get a good start for their long drive, and she was waiting at the gate at the appointed time. It was a fresh, fine morning, the air sweet with the scent of a balsam poplar, and the bright new green of spring was everywhere.

Simon seemed a little sceptical about the Cornish project. "I'll know more when I've had a discussion with Max, and seen the place. So far, I've only heard Katie's version, and you know how she gets carried away. I suspect that it will be a nine days' wonder. The cost of making a primitive cottage into a comfortable retreat with all mod. cons. is usually so much higher than people imagine that they recoil in horror, and I can't see Max happy to rough it. He's not the back-to-nature type at all."

Simon kept off main roads where possible, which made their journey longer but infinitely more enjoyable. They stopped for a brief lunch at an inn in Dorset, and only the last, twisty stretch of narrow

Continued overleaf

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You are probably about to plan your holiday, and will have seen the wonderful variety of travel advertisements in this issue. To find out more about some of these holidays without having to write to individual advertisers, why not take advantage of our Woman's Weekly Holiday Readers' Service? The list below gives names of advertisers who are offering free literature. Select not more than six of these and put their reference numbers in the blank squares within the coupon box provided, then fill in your name and address where shown for each brochure required. Cut out the whole coupon area and send it in a sealed envelope, preferably bearing an 8½p stamp, to WOMAN'S WEEKLY, DEPT. HB6, LONDON SE99 6YG. We will then arrange for your brochures to be sent to you. Please do not enclose any correspondence with your coupons.

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## A DISTANT SONG Continued

Cornish lanes made them aware that the journey had lasted long enough.

The hotel, which had once been a large country house, was well tucked away off a lane running back from the north Cornish coast, and looked inviting as they drove up the gravelled drive. Its old walled garden was colourful, its grey stone walls and mullioned windows made a charming frontage.

"Full marks to Katie. I was wondering what she might have let us in for. The repertory company must be in a more flourishing state than I realised."

Large bowls of daffodils and willow lightened the hall, with its dark oak panelling and rose-patterned curtains, and they were given a warm welcome at the reception desk. Sarah signed the register and passed the book to Simon without glancing at any other names on the page, but Simon glanced upwards, and Sarah saw him frown. "I see we have an additional member to the party, Anna."

Sarah's heart sank as she watched him sign his name. "Katie didn't mention it?"

"Not a word. This was a business matter, I was given to suppose, involving only Max and me."

**B**UT IF Simon was surprised to find Anna there, the latter was evidently no less surprised to see Sarah. She came into the lounge where they were having a welcome cup of tea, and stopped for a moment when she saw them, not able to hide quickly enough an expression of mingled displeasure and surprise at the sight of Sarah.

It was replaced with a charming smile in a moment, though, as she said, "Hullo, there. How nice to see you, Simon. And Sarah, isn't it? Katie did not tell me you would be here."

"I don't suppose she knew," said Simon. "My father booked this holiday for Sarah after Katie had fixed a room for me. And she forgot to tell me you would be joining us, too. Life's full of surprises."

"Pleasant ones, I hope. I only decided at the last minute, when Katie and Max told me about it and asked me if I'd like to see this cottage."

"Well, you're looking as beautiful as ever, Anna. Will you join us for tea or have you had yours?"

"I'll have another with you. Did you have a good journey down?"

"Fine," said Sarah as Simon signalled the waitress and asked for another cup.

"Have you decided when to return to Italy?" he asked, turning back to Anna.

"Not precisely, but I'll have to go back soon. Business matters connected with the estate are pressing, although my parents want me to stay on a little longer here. You are looking tired, Simon. You work too hard. Come to Italy and stay with us some time this summer. I could teach you how to relax."

Her slow smile was warm, her voice cajoling, as she looked at him. She was lying back in the armchair, gracefully indolent. Wearing a flared skirt of burnt orange, with a matching silky sweater and brown silk scarf knotted at the neck, with her olive complexion and lustrous dark eyes she seemed to Sarah to convey all the seductive languor of the south, strikingly at odds with the atmosphere of that very English room on that bright April day.

Simon's gaze was lingering on her, and

Sarah knew that at that moment she did not exist for either of them; they were engaged in some secret exchange.

As soon as she could, she made unpacking her excuse to leave them, and went upstairs to her room, wondering whether either of them noticed her going.

She had just finished unpacking when a sharp tattoo on the door heralded Katie. She came in, her face sparkling with pleasure.

"It's a lovely surprise, to have you here, Sarah. Simon should have told me. It was my father's idea, wasn't it?"

"Yes. A kind of bonus for me. Wasn't it kind of him?"

"Very. I'll be glad of your company, because Max is in one of his broody moods and will be concentrating on his cottage. We can explore the coast together. There are some heavenly coves and cliffs."

"What about Anna? Simon wasn't expecting to find her here."

"Well, I'll let you into a secret," said Katie confidingly as she sat on the bed. "Anna is only just starting to get round Simon again. He's proved more stubborn than she expected. She has to return to her home this summer, and we thought this little holiday in Cornwall would provide her with just the right place and time to clinch things. So if you don't mind being saddled with me, we'll leave them to themselves as much as possible."

"I seem to have upset the balance with my intrusion," said Sarah lightly.

"Oh, no. Not at all. I'm delighted. Max and I only come to blows if we're together too much. It will work out just fine. I mean, you weren't counting on Simon's company, were you? It was my father's idea, not Simon's!"

"Yes, it was your father's idea," said Sarah, wondering whether Anna had put Katie up to confirming this.

"Then we'll make ourselves scarce, and leave the two lovebirds to come together, shall we? I found a gorgeous little secret cove yesterday. I must show it to you, Sarah. We could take a picnic lunch one day."

"Sounds a lovely idea."

Katie chattered on for a little about the cottage, then left. Sarah, feeling rather stiff after the long journey, ran a hot bath and soaked in it. Some of the euphoria of the past few days of anticipation had evaporated. The holiday had now taken on a rather different complexion.

In spite of Anna's assertion that it had been a last-minute decision to come, Katie had made it obvious that it had been carefully planned between them, and she wondered whether they had made Max's cottage the excuse for fetching Simon here, or whether Max had genuinely wanted to consult him and Katie and Anna had merely seized on the opportunity this presented.

At least, the past hour or two would seem to suggest that Simon had not changed his attitude since Christmas, but, recalling that expression in his eyes, she felt that a few days in Anna's company might well shift him. Whatever the outcome, she felt that she was the odd one out, an awkward fifth to two couples.

THEY ALL walked over to the cottage the next morning. It was a grey stone, square building with a slate roof, set amongst stunted trees at the head of a combe running down to the sea. It had probably once been a farm

*Continued overleaf*

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## A DISTANT SONG

Continued

worker's cottage, but when Max bought it it had been let out as a holiday home.

"Only two up and two down," said Max, "but I thought it might be extended at the back."

After they had looked over it, Anna, Katie and Sarah left the two men to discuss details and walked down to the sea.

"It's too isolated for me," said Anna. "And it struck very cold. It will need a good heating system, if that's practical."

"I love it," declared Katie. "So remote and romantic, somehow. We can make it comfortable enough. After all, it's not for winter use. Nothing but trees and cliffs and the sea. I bet Sarah approves."

"You couldn't find anything more peaceful and quiet. It's the right sort of contrast to what I imagine is the rather hectic urban life of the theatre," said Sarah.

"You're so right."

"Too primitive," said Anna.

"Well, compared with your beautiful villa and estate in Italy, I dare say it does seem primitive," said Katie. "We're not all so fortunate, though."

"Come and stay with me this summer, Katie, and I'll spoil you."

"I wish I could, but we've a busy season in front of us. I'd love to come sometime, though."

"I hope you'll be coming often in the future. Simon's fond of you, Katie. He'll want to keep an eye on you."

"You're confident that Simon will be living there, then?"

Anna turned and gave her a slow smile. "Yes, sooner or later. Sooner, I hope, but he has such a strong sense of duty towards

his father, and while he's alive . . ." Anna shrugged her shoulders.

"But my father is well looked after, and Alison doesn't live far away."

"I know. And, of course, I'd be only too happy to have him at the villa if it would ease Simon's mind. It would be a much better climate for an old man in his state of health. But Simon says he'll never leave Marlyn Manor."

"I can't think why. A gloomier house I never saw," Katie said robustly.

"Anyway," said Anna, turning to Sarah, "Simon's lucky to have you to help with his father. You're so useful to him in that respect. I know he appreciates it."

"I'm only helping Mr. Rannock with his memoirs," said Sarah briefly, aware of the sting in the word 'useful'.

"You're too modest. It goes much further than that, I know. Believe me," she added, laughing, "Simon needs to keep in your good books. You're a treasure, and there wouldn't be a hope of replacing you if you gave it up."

SARAH wondered whether her sense of humour was lacking in reading an insulting element in the words, but before she could reply, Katie quickly challenged Anna.

"Sarah's a friend of the family, not an employee, and is kind enough to use her own literary skill to help my father."

"Oh, I did not mean to be tactless. But Sarah does so much more than that. Look how she worked at Christmas. And it's such a help to Simon to know that she's on hand to keep a watchful eye on his father and let the family know if anything's wrong. He really does value your services highly, Sarah."

"I'm very fond of Paul Rannock," said Sarah quietly, inwardly boiling at Anna's patronising tone.

"Of course. It is mutual, I believe. It seems a little hard that Simon is not free to live his own life, though, in view of the fact that his father ignored the existence of his family all his life, until bad health forced him to seek their help."

"Oh, what a glorious sea!" exclaimed Katie, as they came to the cove, and she ran towards the thunderous rollers as though to embrace them, and Sarah ran with her.

The white, bubbling foam came flooding across the sand to meet them, sparkling in the sunshine. Katie laughed and squealed as she jumped back, then she picked up a long ribbon of seaweed, called out something to Sarah, which she could not hear above the roar of the waves, and ran along by the edge of the foam, her black hair flying, her face lifted, the ribbon of seaweed held aloft to stream behind her.

She was like a child in her joyful abandonment to the here and now, thought Sarah fondly, and was reminded of Piper's rapid responses to the changing moods of the moment. Then she, too, began to run, keeping just to the fringe of foam, daring it to reach her. The saltspray was on her face, the smell of sea-weed in the air, the buoyancy of the sea in her veins.

Somewhere lurked the knowledge of the anguish she would feel, watching Simon and Anna growing closer, renewing their love. But she wouldn't think about that now.

Tomorrow would come soon enough.

TO BE CONTINUED  
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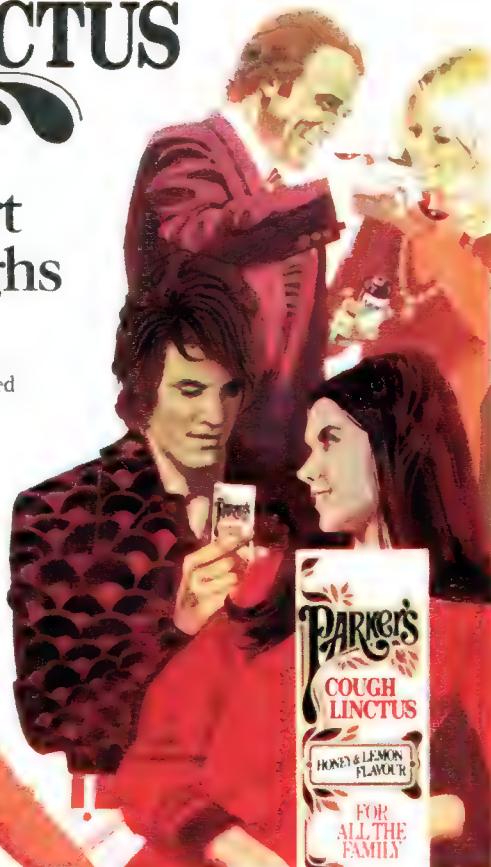
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**"THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE"**

Continued from page 22

Kerry said finally. "He did hit it twice, you know. Does it hurt very much, darling?"

"Well, of course it hurts," Miles confirmed through clenched teeth. "Those beams are not made of plastic. What surprises me, Kerry," he said in glacial tones, "is that you can be so rude about somebody whose hospitality you happen to have enjoyed quite recently at her extremely charming mews cottage in Greenwich."

"Gracious!" Kerry's hands flew to her cheeks in a gesture of combined remorse and amusement. "Miles, you don't mean that great big Nordic-looking girl in the pink-striped trouser suit? The one who kept calling you 'Milesy baby'? She's—?"

"One and the same. I find it difficult to believe that you can have forgotten such a memorable evening so easily," he declared.

"It wasn't easy," she assured him with fervour. "It was one of the most unforgettable evenings of my life. It probably won't surprise you to know, Mr. Wilberforce, that Miss Callendar-Tripp doesn't believe in old-fashioned furniture like tables and chairs. Dear me, no. We all had to sit on the floor. For hours."

"That isn't precisely true, Kerry. We sat on studio cushions—highly decorative, very expensive, supremely comfortable studio cushions."

"Those were not precisely the adjectives you used the next day when I had to massage your back with embrocation."

"Now, look here—"

"I was just wondering," said Mr. Wilberforce, with admirable tact, "if you still want to see the rest of the place before it gets too dark?"

"Yes, of course we want to see the rest, don't we, darling?" As Miles gave a non-committal growl, she slid a soothing hand into the crook of his arm. "I won't be rude about your friend Penelope any more, honestly. If I'd realised who it was we were talking about I wouldn't have said what I did."

"Oh, I don't know." Miles disengaged his arm, ostensibly to locate a handkerchief. "Perhaps it's as well. I had no idea that you were so—so—"

"So what?"

"Nothing. Nothing that won't keep, anyway. Do get along," he said huffily. "You're keeping Lord Tennyson waiting again."

"This is the second bedroom," Mr. Wilberforce said, showing no sign of rancour. "Also of quite generous dimensions. Then, next door, there's this one; much smaller, but perfect for—"

"For the nursery," Kerry joined in, advancing joyously across the threshold and turning round ecstatically. "What else?"

"What else indeed?" Mr. Wilberforce smiled. "Even old George used to say that this room brought out his latent paternal instincts, only he wasn't the marrying kind."

"In that case, I'm glad he had to go and live in Switzerland. Why, this house was built for children to grow up in."

"D'you know, I've always felt that. In fact, if I were thinking of getting married myself, this would be the place for me all right."

"There. Did you hear that, darling? Mr. Wilberforce said—"

"I heard, thanks. Mr. Wilberforce may be a rotten poet," Miles muttered with grim candour, "but he's a very good salesman. Now, if it's all the same to you, I should like to get out of here."

"You do sound strange, love." Concerned, she followed him down the winding staircase. "Aren't you feeling very well?"

"No," he responded hollowly. "Since you ask, suddenly I don't feel very well at all."

**I**T WAS high summer when Kerry came again to the old thatched cottage. She was alone this time, sitting behind the wheel of her little car, and telling herself that no good could possibly come of this sentimental journey. It was all the result of finding herself at a loose end that fine Sunday morning, and suddenly wanting to get away from the hot city streets.

She wouldn't make for anywhere in particular, she'd decided; just go wherever faithful old Emmeline chose to point her well-polished bonnet. It seemed like very good sense on Emmeline's part to make a left-hand turn a mile or two before hitting the main Brighton road, which was undoubtedly already clogged with traffic. There was sure to be some quaint, unspoilt village nearby where Kerry could have lunch at the local inn. That the village in question should turn out to be Lower Climperton was, therefore, entirely Emmeline's doing, and nobody could have been more surprised than Kerry to discover that she was pulling into the car park of The Hawk and Dove.

It was still too early for lunch, but not too early for an ice-cold draught lager, drawn for her by the same genial landlord she remembered from last February, when she and Miles had called in there on their way home.

"Seems a decent enough sort of place," Miles had said, stretch-

ing out his hands before the log fire. "We could stay on and dine here if you like. Save you the trouble of cooking a meal."

She had looked at him in wonder. "That's very sweet of you, Miles, but you'd miss that television programme you always watch."

"Oh, that. That doesn't matter." Then he added in a somewhat sheepish voice: "Look here, Kerry, I think there are some things that need straightening out."

"Yes?" She remembered feeling a curious sense of foreboding. "All right, darling. Start talking . . ."

Now, swinging down from the stool in the sunlit bar, she smiled at the shirt-sleeved landlord. "That was lovely, thanks. I'll be back later for another—and a ploughman's lunch."

"Fine, miss. We've got a smashing bit of English Cheddar in just now, and the wife's home-made chutney takes some beating."

"I'll look forward to that." She drove slowly along the empty High Street, trying to get her bearings, finally succeeding in locating the Post Office, the bakery, and, next door to that, the estate agent's office. *'Rodney Wilberforce and Son'*. Instinctively, her gaze travelled briefly upwards to the neatly-curtained windows on the first floor, her imagination conjuring up a picture of the auburn-haired young man, sprawled in an armchair as he worked on his latest batch of rhyming advertisements. In actual fact, reason advised that he was more likely to be strolling down by the riverside with a girl-friend; she felt a stab of envy, then she angrily took herself to task.

How stupid to grudge someone else his happiness; stupid, and selfish, too. Just because one's own hopes had been dashed for ever, there was no need to go about wallowing in self-pity. Doubtless because she was too intent on administering this lecture to herself, it was at this juncture that Emmeline took over again; which was how Kerry presently found herself bumping along the winding lane towards the cottage.

"That wasn't kind, Emmeline," she said reproachfully, braking to a halt. "Rubbing salt into the wound, that's all you're doing."

**B**ECAUSE of the number of trees both outside and inside the garden, it was possible to see only approximately half of the well-remembered thatched roof from where she sat. Entirely against her better judgment, she got out and wandered over to the gate, noticing that it had at last acquired its long-awaited coat of paint, and that the name had also been freshly painted in letters of sunshine yellow. He was quite right, she thought, leaning on the gatepost and gazing raptly into the garden. You couldn't have been called anything but *Marigolds*. How many flowers there are—and how beautiful. She was wondering how long ago the place had been sold, and to what sort of people, when her attention was suddenly drawn by the movement of a figure at a corner of the house. The figure, which was half-way up a ladder, wore dungearees and a broad-brimmed hat, making its gender quite impossible to discern from the rear by a passing stranger. It was engaged, with painstaking concentration, in painting a window frame, and, despite her curiosity, Kerry decided that to interrupt it would be discourteous, if not downright dangerous. She was almost back at the car when a dry twig snapped like a pistol shot under her heel, and a startled but not unfriendly voice called: "Hi! Is there somebody out there?"

"Yes." Feeling distinctly foolish, Kerry diffidently retraced her steps. "Me. I'm sorry if I disturbed you. I didn't mean to—"

"Good grief!" said the figure, coming slowly down the ladder. Once on terra firma, it put down its pot of paint, and removed its hat, revealing thick auburn hair.

"It's you!" said Rodney Wilberforce and Kerry together, in precisely the same tone of awe and incredulity.

"You're never going to believe this," he said, after a short silence, "but I was thinking about you. Just at that moment."

"Were you? I was thinking about you, too. Not at that moment, though. About ten minutes ago, actually."

"Were you?"

His eyes were green, flecked with gold, and there was a smudge of yellow paint on his left cheek. "You're looking very well," she said lamely, for want of something better to say.

"Am I? Oh." He said, wiping his hands on a rag. "Yes. Terribly well, thanks. And you?"

"Terribly, thank you." She gave a snort of laughter. "We sound like a couple of characters in a drawing-room comedy."

"We do rather, don't we?" His grin was as engaging as ever.

"You've done wonders with the place," she said. "It looks just the way I imagined it should."

"Does it? I'm glad about that. The outside isn't finished yet, of course. It's taken me months to dispel the last traces of George's frightful girl-friend. I wonder whatever became of her."

"Well—" Kerry bent to admire a closely curled rosebud. "For one thing, she changed her name."

*Continued overleaf*

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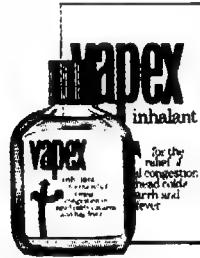
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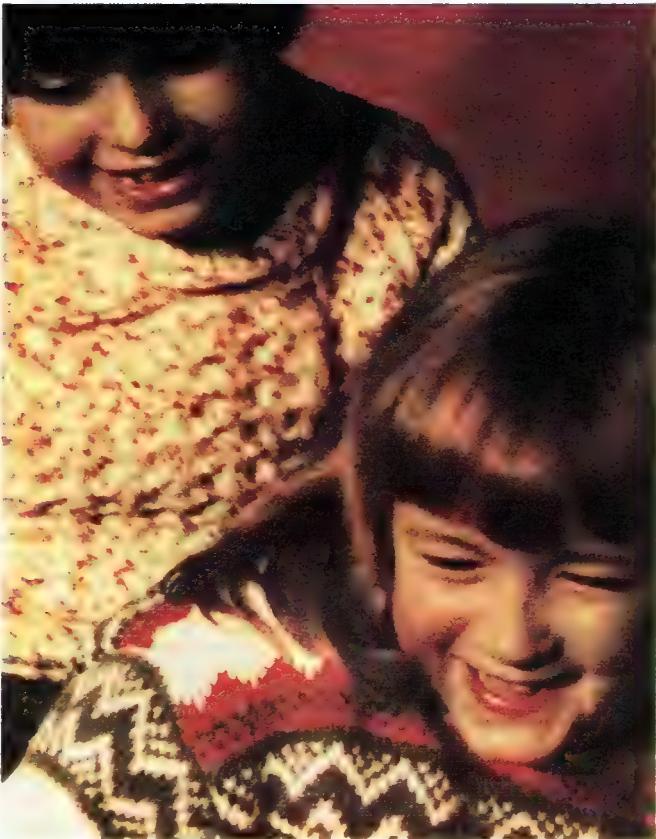
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### "THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE"

Continued

"A sensible move. By deed poll?"

"No, by marriage."

"Good heavens. I hope the poor chap's colour-blind."

"No. As a matter of fact, she married my fiancé," said Kerry, with less difficulty than she had anticipated.

"Your—? You mean the bloke with the aristocratic nose?"

"And the dented skull. That's the one."

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Rodney Wilberforce. A slow but unmistakable smile of great satisfaction widened his good-humoured mouth. "Congratulations. So you finally gave him the old heave-ho. I did so hope you would."

"Did you?" She looked at him in blank astonishment. "But— we were absolute strangers to you. Why on earth should you—?"

"Search me." Continuing unashamedly to smile, he shrugged. "Is there such a thing as *masceline* intuition, d'you know?"

"I suppose it's possible. By the way," she said carefully, "for the record, I think you should know that it happened the other way round. It was Miles who jilted me."

"You're joking!" His eyebrows shot up. "He ditched you—and then married Penelope Thingummy-Jigg? You know what? I thought there was something weird about that fellow, even before he got those knocks on his head."

"I didn't," Kerry said. "I thought he was rather super."

"Oh? Yes, well—of course. You must have."

"He was, perhaps, a little egotistic sometimes."

"Yes?"

"Also a trifle—inflexible. And—"

"Pompous?" Rodney Wilberforce supplied helpfully. "In short, a regular Prince Charming. I can quite appreciate how shattered you must have been at losing such a treasure."

"Shattered? Yes—I was." She came out of her reverie, blinking, to find him regarding her with solemn expectancy. "At least, I thought I was. Do you suppose that it was only my pride that was shattered?" she said, lightly stroking the rosebud.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised."

"Well," said Kerry, and took a long breath. "And there I was, all this time, thinking it was my heart that was broken. Golly, what a chump I've been!"

"And what a chump I am," said Rodney Wilberforce, "keeping you talking out here! I was so knocked out at seeing you, I clean forgot my manners. Do come in."

**I**NSTINCTIVELY, she began to back away. "Oh, no, really. I couldn't. What on earth would your wife think, confronting her with a perfect stranger when she's cooking Sunday lunch?"

"Good question." He considered it gravely, but with a curious glint in his eyes. "I shall answer it in three parts. One: I have no wife. Two: you are no stranger. Perfect? That's something else altogether—but a stranger you certainly are not. Three: nobody is cooking my Sunday lunch. I'm nipping down to the local for a ploughman's. You get a great wedge of Cheddar—"

"And home-made chutney—I know. But what do you mean—" Kerry's voice rose an octave—"you haven't got a wife?"

"Why do you say it so accurately?" He sounded amused. "I assure you I haven't. You can come and search the place from attic to basement. I insist on showing you the basement, anyway. I've turned it into a perfect games-room for the children."

"Whose children?"

"Well, mine, I hope," he said with dignity. "In due course."

"O-oh. So you are intending to get married, then?"

"But naturally." Taking her arm, he steered her gently into the house. "Why else do you suppose I bought this place?"

"Yes—naturally. How soon is the wedding?" she asked vaguely, gazing about her with admiration at the transformation.

"Oh. Well, the date hasn't actually been fixed yet. Do sit down, won't you? The window-seat's quite comfy, and the scent of the marigolds outdoes even the smell of all that fresh paint."

"So it does." Kerry inhaled appreciatively. "She's very lucky."

"Who is?" Mr. Wilberforce inquired absently.

"Your fiancée." Instantly regretting her candour, she glanced up self-consciously, and was astounded to see her companion's ears turning positively scarlet, a phenomenon she vividly recalled having witnessed once before.

"To tell you the truth, I haven't even got one of those, either," he confessed gruffly.

"No fiancée?"

"Nope."

"But you've bought this house? Decorated it all so beautifully? Built a play-room for the children?"

"Yup."

"Mr. Wilberforce—"

"I wish you'd call me Rod."

"I'll call you anything you like if you'll stop talking like Gary Cooper and explain!"

"I'll try. Probably you'll think I'm daft," he forecast glumly. "My father thinks so. Mind you, it most likely wouldn't have happened so soon if he hadn't decided to get married. Again," he added hastily, as Kerry's mouth opened. "Re-married, that is. She's a lovely lady, my stepmother, and the ideal person for my old man. Oh, we'd muddled along, the pair of us, since my mother died—that was ten years ago, when I was sixteen. But he's the sort of man who *needs* a wife, just as—well, let's face it, as most men do. Anyway, he married Jean last March, and I decided to move into a place of my own. Quite by chance I was rummaging through the office files for something suitable when I came across the specifications for this place; by that time Dad had persuaded old George to knock a couple of thousand off the asking price, which brought it within even my reach. So I bought it."

"And now you live here all alone?"

"Don't look so worried." Laughter creased his sunburnt cheeks. "I'm not exactly Robinson Crusoe, you know. My stepmother makes sure I don't starve, and if I need nocturnal company I beetle off to the local for a jar and a game of darts."

"I see."

"You don't," he said wryly. "You think I'm daft, too."

"I do not. I think you're—well—unorthodox."

"Polite alternative for daft," he sighed. "But thank you for your courtesy. Would you like to see the upstairs rooms?"

"I'd love to. Did you get rid of the brontosaurus?"

"I did. And the pea-green ceiling. Here, see for yourself."

"Oh!" Kerry clasped her hands in genuine delight. "And you've got a fourposter bed! All my life I've wanted to sleep in a—"

As her voice trailed away, Rod said gently, "I managed to eradicate Penelope's handiwork from the nursery, too."

THEY WANDERED out into the flower-filled garden and sat in the sun to continue their conversation.

"Isn't it ridiculous?" he said. "I don't even know your name."

"It's Kerry Marshall."

"Kerry. That's nice. Any special reason for it?"

"My parents first met each other in County Kerry."

"Life is full of happy coincidences like that, isn't it? I mean, they might just as easily have met in County Wicklow."

"Your father's quite right, you know. You *are* daft." She turned her head to smile at him. "But in the nicest possible way."

"Thank you kindly. Tell me, Kerry, do you believe in coincidences? Fate? Destiny? Stuff like that?"

"Yes, I do. For instance, I can see now that it was providential, our coming out to look at this house that day last winter. You may not believe this, but in all the time I was engaged to Miles we'd never once talked about—about the really basic, important things—like the kind of home we'd have, and—and children. They, it transpired, didn't figure in his scheme of things, not even in the long-term, when we'd achieved the sort of life-style he was aiming for. Strange, isn't it, how you can think you know everything there is to know about a person, and then suddenly discover that you never really knew them at all?"

"Yes. It's very strange. On the other hand," he said slowly, "you can meet somebody, just once, and be quite certain that you know all you'll ever need to know about them. It's like—a sort of sixth sense. Am I sounding eccentric again?"

"No. Rod—when you said earlier that you were thinking about me when I arrived, was that true?"

"It was."

"Isn't *that* a rather extraordinary coincidence? Today of all days?"

"Not really. Fact is—" he rubbed ineffectually at a blob of paint on his sleeve—"I've been thinking about you more or less continuously ever since February."

"About me?"

"That's right."

"But why?"

"I thought you might ask me that. It's a long story, really, and if I'm taking you out to lunch I'd better get cleaned up."

"Are you taking me out to lunch?"

"I hope so." Taking both her hands in his, he studied her upturned face with a look in his green, gold-flecked eyes that made her heart give a strange, but by no means unpleasant, lurch. "You do want to hear my story, don't you?"

"Well, it depends. I ought to warn you, I'm only interested in stories that have a happy ending."

"In that case, I'm your man," Rod said definitely. "I promise you, you're going to love this one."

THE END

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# Mary Marryat advises

## FINDING JOB SATISFACTION

I am nineteen and live at home with my mum. I just don't seem to settle down in any job. Since I left school I have had seven jobs and am now on the dole. I am really ashamed of myself and cry nearly every night. I feel as though I have made a mess of my life and I don't think I can go on any more.

SARAH

Some people find the change from school to work a difficult one and take some time to settle down in a job. This may sometimes be because many junior jobs seem rather dull compared to the varied work of the last year of school, and it can also be hard to accept being one of the youngest at work, after having been one of the oldest and most important at school.

Part of growing up is learning to take a useful place in the world of work and discovering how satisfying doing a job well and intelligently can be—even a job which is not very exciting. You must not feel you have made a mess of your life, because you are only nineteen, and it is far from being too late to improve things.

Make up your mind that you are not going to spend this period of unemployment in moping about feeling bored and useless, but in preparing yourself as far as possible for future work by study. You could probably also do some form of voluntary work.

The National Council of Social Service has produced a Youth Unemployment Pack designed for young people in your position. It will also be useful for anyone who advises young people, such as teachers or social workers. It contains leaflets and pamphlets on such subjects as finding out about courses and careers, the Training Opportunities Scheme, alternatives to unemployment, social security benefits, and so on.

One leaflet is called simply "How to Get a Job" and gives hints on application forms and interviews. Information about obtaining the Youth Unemployment Pack can be obtained by writing to the Youth Department, National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU.

## COULD I BE PREGNANT?

I am the mother of three children and my husband had a vasectomy over a year ago. Now I am convinced I am pregnant. Is this possible? I am sure that if I tell my husband he will say I had an affair with another man, and I dare not go to my doctor, as I would feel so embarrassed talking to him about such an intimate matter.

LYNNE

If your husband had the usual test some time after the operation, and was assured that he was no longer fertile, it is highly improbable that you are pregnant. You do not say why you believe you might be, but symptoms like those of pregnancy may easily have some other cause, or may even be imaginary.

There is no reason at all to be afraid of going

If you need the advice of a sympathetic friend, write to Mary Marryat, at Woman's Weekly, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a confidential reply. Please remember that several weeks elapse before answers to letters can appear on this page

to your doctor, and this is the only sensible thing to do, as he is the only person qualified to help you with this problem. Just tell him your symptoms, and he will be able to decide what is causing them. If any treatment is needed, he will prescribe it.

## TAKEN FOR GRANTED

For some time I have been looking after the children of a neighbour who goes out to work. Two are under school-age, one is at school. First I just looked after them, but then I started doing housework as well. How much an hour should I be getting for this? At the moment I feel as if I'm being taken too much for granted. I get the same money no matter how much work or time I put in. Should I state the hours I'm prepared to work or am I making something out of nothing?

MRS. J.

There is no fixed rate for this kind of work, and it is a matter of arrangement between the people concerned. If you feel you are not receiving enough, you should politely ask your employer if she will increase the amount. Also, if you want to work only a certain number of hours, or are prepared to do only a certain amount of housework, or only to look after the children and do no housework, you should explain that.

Clearly the arrangement should be one which suits you both, and if the present one does not suit you, there is no point in feeling ill-used about it; far better to talk things over in a friendly way and explain what would suit you. Your employer, in turn, can explain what suits her, and together you should be able to reach a satisfactory arrangement.

## Words that I will remember

Trouble with thinking twice before you speak is that you never get into the conversation.

ARTHUR GODFREY

Experience is the best teacher. Everyone gets individual instruction.

ANONYMOUS

I don't like to repeat gossip, but what else can you do with it?

FRANK MAJOR



## WEIGHT WATCHING

I am rather plump and not very pretty. I am sixteen and have only been out with one boy. I am wondering if it is because I am plump that boys don't find me attractive. When they look at me I get embarrassed and when a boy asks me to dance I feel that people are looking and saying, "Oh, look at that girl, doesn't she look terrible? Fancy a boy asking her to dance!"

ELAINE

There is nothing surprising in the fact that you have not had many boy friends. Many girls of your age have not even started to go out with boys. Being plump isn't necessarily unattractive, and many people much prefer plump girls to skinny ones.

However, it isn't advisable to be really overweight, and if you are, it would be wise to watch your diet. Someone of sixteen should not try to diet strictly, but you can certainly cut down on sweets, chocolate, sugar in tea or coffee, sweet fizzy drinks, cakes, ice-cream, puddings, and so on. Avoid snacks in between meals, such as biscuits or potato crisps. If you eat a healthy, sensible diet and get a little more exercise, I am sure your figure will improve.

## LICENCE TO MARRY

I am a widow and for some time have been friendly with a widower. We have now decided we should like to get married. We are going to Devon together for a week in the spring and he suggests we marry on our holiday by Special Licence. Can you tell us how to go about this?

PHYLLIS

Marriage by Special Licence is very rare. A Special Licence is only granted for some serious reason, such as to allow a gravely ill person to be married in hospital, or to allow a soldier being sent abroad at short notice to be married first.

Common Licence, however, is not rare, and this is an alternative method to having banns called. Before applying for a Common Licence one of the parties must have lived in the district where the marriage is to take place for at least fifteen days, so I am afraid that you could not get married on your week's holiday. Why not arrange to have the wedding in your own parish, and make the holiday your honeymoon?

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